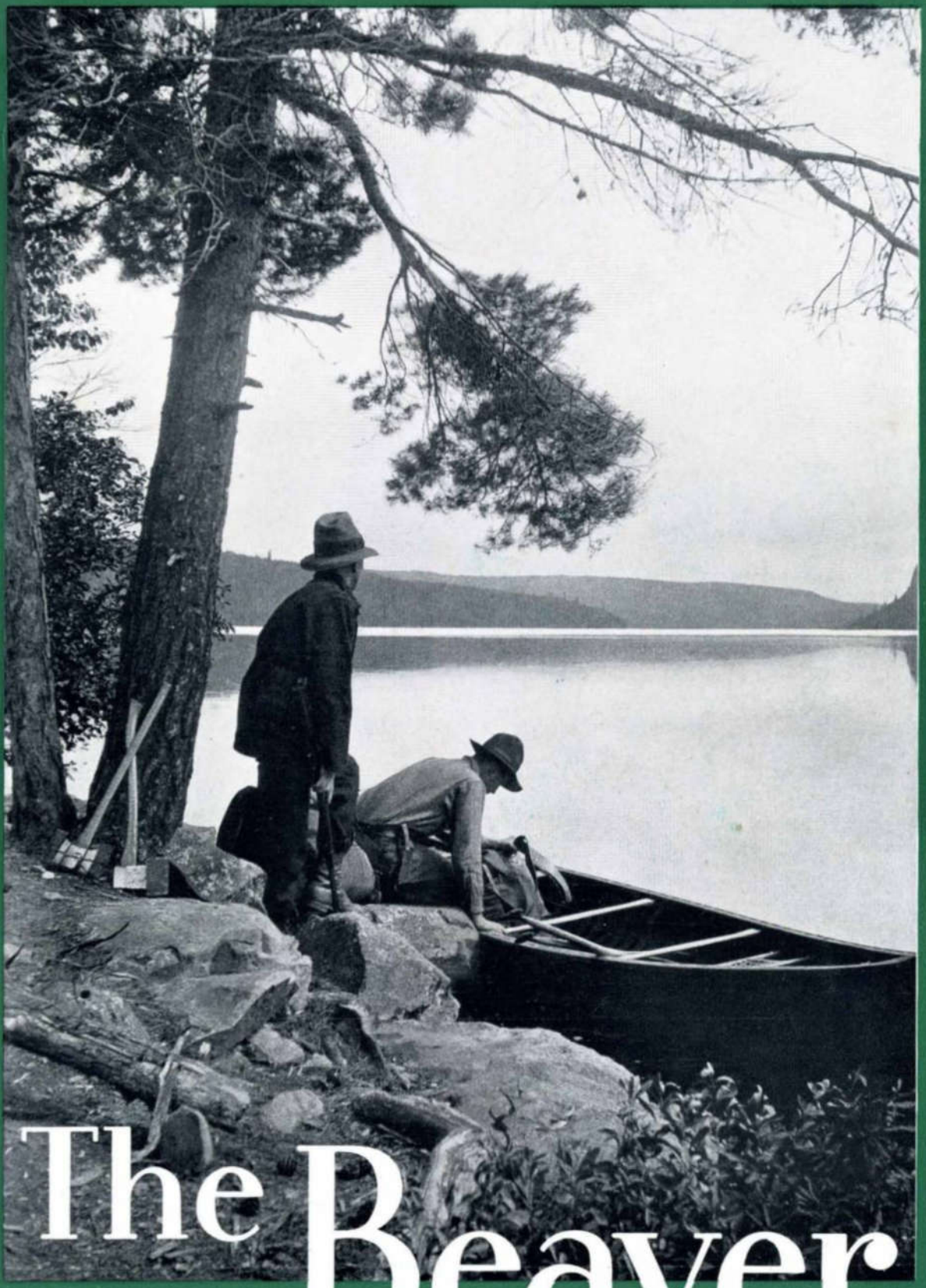

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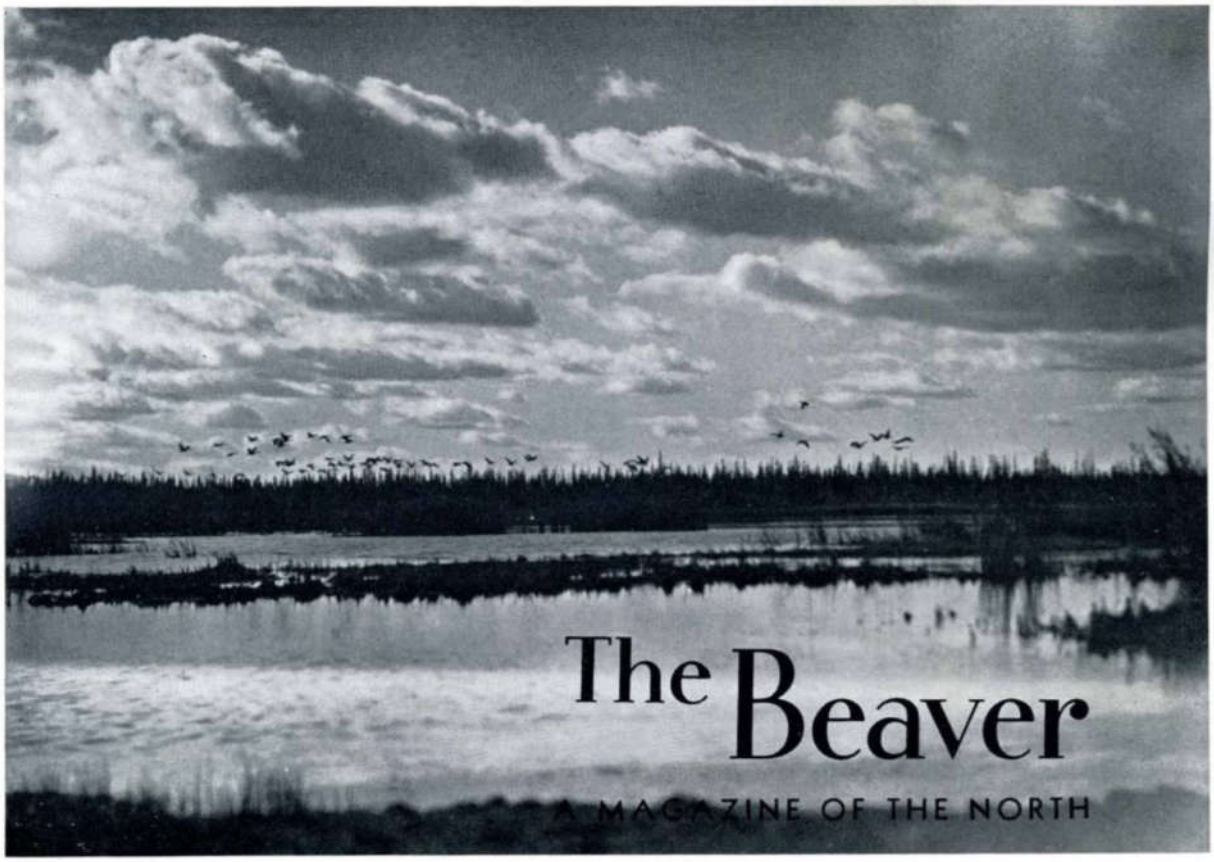

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Canada Geese over Steeprock Marshes — William Blowey

OUTFIT 275 — SEPTEMBER 1944

CONTENTS

Adventure Ahead—*Calvin Rutstrum* 1
Clan McKay in the West—*W. Bleasdell Cameron* 3
Child of the Arctic—*M. A. Peary Stafford* 8
Blackfoot Magic—*Sir Cecil Denny* 14
Country-made Trade Goods—*Marius Barbeau* 16
Summer at Blanc Sablon—*R. M. Howell* 20
Under Summer Skies 24
London's Canada Club—*Alice M. Johnson* 28
Northern Cataracts 30
Adventures of Captain James 34
Souta the Sioux—*Annie Ironside Cowan* 39
Post War Promise—*Calvin Rutstrum* 40
Beaver Chief 44
McLoughlin's Letters—*Willard Ireland* 45
The Little Emperor—*A. R. M. Lower* 48
Fall Packet 49

ONE DOLLAR A YEAR

PUBLISHED QUARTERLY BY

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CLAN McKAY in the WEST

by W. Bleasdell Cameron

The McKay family served the Hudson's Bay Company from 1790 to 1920.

IN the annals of the Canadian West, certain family names appear again and again as rendering notable services to the pioneers. Outstanding among these are the Christies, the Sinclairs and the McKays. Both of the last-named families figure in the activities of that oldest fur trading organization, the Hudson's Bay Company, as far back as the eighteenth century and on into the two centuries succeeding. The McKay family served the Great Company with distinction for one hundred and thirty years.

The first of the McKays on record to be so employed was named John—"formerly of the City of Montreal," as he described himself in his contract with the Company. He had originally traded for the North West Company and came from Sturgeon Lake to Osnaburgh House to join the English organization in 1790. From there he was sent to Albany on Hudson Bay, and subsequently served in the Rainy River district, at Nipigon, Osnaburgh, Martin Fall and Brandon House, where he died in 1810.

An episode that occurred during his stay at Brandon House serves to show the perils of fur-trade life in those times. Let John McKay tell it in his own words:

"This day, as I was riding in the Plains, an Indian wanted to shoot me just as I came up to him. I jumped off the Horse before he could get the Coat off his Gun and presented a Pistol to his Breast. I was too nigh for his Gun to be of any Service to him. I gave him 2 or 3 hearty Clinks, which softened his Head a little, and rode off. When at a distance, I heard his Gun go off. The Canadian who saw us both says he fired at me, but I rather think his Wife took the Gun from him and fired it off, to prevent him from doing mischief, for she was so frightened that I really pitied the poor Woman. This man is a N.Wt. Indian; I never had the least dealings with him in my life. Yesterday he wanted a Gun in debt, which I refused to give, this perhaps has vexed him." "Clinks" suggest metal, so it is probable the Indian gentleman's head was literally and not figuratively softened.

Two of John's sons, William and John Richards, also served in the fur trade with distinction. William joined the Company about the time of his father's death and traded at various posts in what are now the provinces of Ontario and Quebec. John Richards, the younger brother, was sent from Albany to England in 1800, apparently to be educated, and returned eight years later. He joined his father the following year at Brandon House and in 1814 was sent to Qu'Appelle. After the Company's men left that fort in the spring of 1815, it was burned by the Nor'westers. The ensuing events can best be told in the words of his senior officer, James Sutherland, whose report is found in the Selkirk Papers at the Public Archives in Ottawa:

William McKay, the second, 1818-1883, father of ten children including William the third and Angus.

In the fall of 1815 I sent John Richards McKay to Qu'Appell with 15 men and an assortment of goods, they arrived there sometime in the beginning of October, previous to their arrival all the houses they had occupied the preceding year were burnt to the ground and otherwise destroyed. This act was supposed to have been done by the servants of the N.W.Co, but no proof could be got to confirm this supposition farther than that the N.W.Co.'s interpreter named Dl. Murray who had passed the summer there with a few men informed Mr. McKay that he had himself cut down the stockades as they intercepted the view from the N.W. House.

Mr. McKay and men immediately commenced building houses & erected stockades on the old foundation. They got up a temporary store and part of their stockades when Alexander McDonell partner of the N.W.Co. arrived with a great parade of 40 or 50 Canadians, Freemen and Half-Breeds forming two distinct companies. McDonell led one of these consisting of Canadians with colours flying. The other company were half-Breeds headed by Cuthbert Grant, a Half-Breed who has been regularly educated at Canada and has acted for several years as Clerk & still continues to act as such, to the N.W.Co. This tribe had another flag hoisted, of what nation I know not. It is red with a figure of 8 placed horizontally in the middle of it and is said to be a present from the N.W.Co. along with some swords and a few pairs of pistols to these deluded young men the Half Breeds as a recompense for their exertions against the Colony, Spring 1815, and as an incentive to encourage them to further mischief this ensuing season.

McDonell sent a message to McKay telling him to desist from building as he was determined no house should be erected on that spot, it being in front of his

fort. As this threat had not the desired effect (McKay's people went still on with their work) Alexander Fraser a half Breed and Clerk to the N.W.Co. who had also received an excellent education in Canada, came to McKay and ordered him in a peremptory manner to depart from that place immediately with all his men and property, adding that the country round Red River belonged to the Half Breeds & they were determined none of the Hudson's Bay Company's servants should remain on it as they only came there to procure provisions for the support of the Colony. He also said that no Colony should exist in this country as long as there was a heart in his breast.

McKay gave evasive answers and said he could not then remove as he had neither carts nor horses to remove the property. Fraser replied that carts and horses would be furnished by the N.W.Co. if they would remove off quietly. McKay then said he would not comply with such an order untill he had consulted his men. Fraser on hearing this got in a violent passion and told McKay that he would give them that night to prepare themselves for the journey and that if they were not off early next morning he and his countrymen would kill every one of them and sweep the earth with their dead bodies & leave their carcasses for the wolves to eat.

McKay returned to his men and told them the story. They were all unanimous to remain and sell their lives as dear as possible. At the same time an Indian chief who was at the house with 8 or 9 of his young men, offered their services to assist our people and live or die with them. This was accepted of and ammunition and guns were given to the men and Indians and every preparation made for defence.

On the ensuing night no person went to sleep. In the dawning of the morning a great bustle was observed in the N.W. fort and before the sun appeared a messenger was sent to McKay to know whether he intended to remove or not. All our men said they were determined to remain whatever might be the result. As soon as this was known at the N.W. House, the Half Breeds flag was hoisted, a great number of men assembled in arms before the gates of the N.W. House, one of the Colony Field pieces was put in the block house, the other in the gates and both pointed at our people and lighted matches were seen ready to fire them off. By this time the sun had risen and objects became distinct, and the N.W.Co.'s people to their great disappointment observed that several Indians were intermixed among our people.

This made them pause for a little and they sent word to the Indians to depart, otherwise they would be killed along with the English. This the Indians paid no attention to but still stood firm. When the N.W.Co. saw that menaces had no effect they tried what seduction would do and sent one of their own Indians to ours with fine stories saying that McDonell wanted to see them and intended to give them presents of Rum, etc., etc. But all would not do, they would not be deceived.

When A. McDonell saw this he thought it dangerous to commence hostilities as it would be the means of bringing on an Indian war. He therefore sent for McKay to meet him between the houses, which he did. He then wished to make McKay promise that no part of the provisions procured at that place would be given to the Colonizers. This McKay could not agree to. They however arranged matters so that our people were to be permitted to go on with their buildings until I arrived, then all differences were to be settled. . . . This was the state of affairs as I found it on the 8th of December.

The West saw some stormy and even tragic times before the amalgamation of the rival companies in 1821.

McKay probably was with the Hudson's Bay men when they were captured by the Nor'westers on their way down the Assiniboine the following spring. Next spring, however, he was at Fort Hibernia in the Swan River district, and later he built the post at Beaver Creek, fifteen miles from the old post at Fort Qu'Appelle. At the time of the union in 1821 he was in charge at Brandon House. Chief Factor John McDonald described him at that time as "very active and much beloved by the Indians of this Quarter."

In 1824 he retired to Red River, but seven years later he re-entered the service. Subsequently he served at Portage la Prairie, Fort Ellice (near Beaver Creek), Partridgecrop, Shoal River, Touchwood Hills and Cree Camps. In 1859 he retired altogether from the service.

About the time of the troubles at Fort Qu'Appelle, McKay was married to Harriet, daughter of Chief Factor John Ballenden, without benefit of clergy. This was the custom in a country where missionaries were unknown. A commissioned officer of the Company generally officiated at such weddings, just as the captain of a ship may do today. In 1820 Rev. John West was sent out to be the Company's chaplain and the marriage was properly solemnized by him the following year.

In the Red River census of 1829, McKay was listed as the father of four sons under sixteen and two daughters under fifteen. In after years his wife presented him with three more sons and two more daughters—eleven in all.

John Richards McKay's second son was named William—possibly after his uncle. William, the second, was born in 1818 and joined the Company at the age of nineteen. He saw most of his service in the Swan River district, including twelve years at Fort Ellice. In 1865 he was made a chief trader, and five years later was appointed to the charge of the district at Fort Pelly. In 1873 he was promoted to factor and took charge of the Saskatchewan district at Fort Pitt. He died at Fort Edmonton in 1883.

Like his father, William the second had many children—Mary, Thomas, Katherine, William, George, Henry, Angus, Gilbert, James and Joseph.

Mary became the wife of Walter E. Traill, also a Company man and a scion of the Traills of Ontario pioneering fame.

Angus McKay, in charge of Fort Pitt in 1884, holds up a beaver skin. On his right is Chief Big Bear, dressed for the photographer. On his left, E. Dufresne (with beard), H B C cook; Stanley Simpson (with book), H B C clerk; and Cst. Loasby (sitting), N.W.M.P.

William McKay, the third, hero of many a daring exploit among the wild tribes of the Plains. W.B.C.

Thomas was a well known businessman of Prince Albert and at one time a member of the North West Territories Legislature.

Katherine married Chief Factor Laurence Clarke, one of the best known Company officers of the nineteenth century.

George took clerical orders and became an archdeacon in the Anglican Church. In 1885 he carried a rifle which he used to good purpose in the Loon Lake fight when Major (afterward Sir Sam) Steele harassed Chief Big Bear's fleeing miscreants following the battle of Frenchman's Butte.

Angus spent the whole of his forty-three years of active service with the Company in the Saskatchewan district, being at one time or another in charge of every one of its numerous posts. He left his last assignment at Lac la Ronge in 1920 for his homestead near Prince Albert, where he has since resided.

James graduated in law in Manitoba, practised for many years at Prince Albert, was elected to the federal parliament and at his death a few years ago was a justice of the Court of Appeal for Saskatchewan. Both he and Angus served with distinction as scouts in the Northwest Rebellion of 1885.

All the sons were educated at St. John's College in Winnipeg, although the future archdeacon also spent two years at Cambridge University on the advice, and at the expense, of Bishop Machray, who was impressed by his brilliance as a student.

William Jr. (that is, the third of the name in the line) was by vocation and choice a trader among the Cree, Assiniboine, Saulteaux and Chippewa Indians and the central figure in many a thrilling adventure and exploit among these wild and erstwhile savage tribes. He was my hero and we were intimate friends from the time I reached Battleford in '81 until his death. He took an active part as scout, combatant and interpreter in the stormy events of '85. There is space here only for a brief account of one of the last and boldest of all the many perilous experiences of William McKay. Here it is:

For weeks in the early spring of 1885 rumours that the Crees and Assiniboines were massing at Poundmaker's, thirty miles to the west, had been thick in the air of the old territorial capital. When preparations were completed, reports further alleged, their purpose was to march on Battleford. So insistent were these rumours that the settlers on the homesteads in the vicinity, becoming alarmed, had flocked with their families to the stockaded Mounted Police fort, on the high point between the Battle and Saskatchewan rivers, for safety.

McKay, manager at the time of the Hudson's Bay Company's trading post in the old town of Battleford, was convinced that the rumours were based on actuality. To guard against surprise, he had dispatched a loyal and dependable Indian on a good horse to a point midway between Battleford and the reserve, with instructions to watch the trail leading into town and, if or when the hostiles appeared, to ride in at top speed and report.

The courier had obeyed orders. And now there were no longer rumours but facts. Not only had the Indians marched, they were already gathered about the lieutenant-governor's residence and the Indian office on the high south bank of the Battle overlooking the town, and William decided that the time had come for him to act.

The McKays had bought their furs, come to the rescue when they were in need, been their friends and advisers for generations. They were respected by the red men and had their confidence. Accompanied by the Indian agent and other citizens, William left the police barracks to meet the chiefs and if possible convince them of their folly in taking up arms against the whites; hoping, too, to persuade them to disband and go back peacefully to their reserves. The white men in McKay's party all lived beside the long trail leading from the river up the hill on the south side to the level land above. Here also the stores of the trading organizations were located.

The bridge spanning the Battle had been dismantled to guard against its being swept away with the ice in the spring breakup and the timbers were piled on the north bank. Water was flowing over the ice when the party reached it, but an enterprising Indian was using his skiff as a ferry for those wishing to cross. As they approached the river a French half-breed woman, Mrs. Louis Flammand, came down to the water's edge.

"Go back!" she shouted. "Don't come across." McKay wanted to know why. "Because the Indians are going to kill you people," was her answer.

"Oh?" questioned McKay. "Well, you might let us know who they are going to kill."

"You, for one. And the Indian agent. And the school principal with you there."

"That settles it," said the Indian agent. "We'll go right back."

"You gentlemen may do as you wish," returned William, "but as for me I left to meet the Indians and I'm going on. Bring the boat over," he called to the ferryman.

Accompanied by Peter Ballendine, like himself a native of the Northwest, McKay reached the ground about the Indian office and there he faced a large and formidable assemblage of painted and befeathered savages with rifles in their hands. The chiefs, Poundmaker, Sweet Grass, Little Pine, Lucky Man and others, with their leading followers—including Fine Day, war chief—sat a little apart. They regarded him with faintly disguised hostility. But he went round, shaking hands with the unamiable chiefs.

"You don't seem particularly pleased to see me," he remarked, following this formality, "but nevertheless I have put out my hand in token of friendship to your leaders. But if any of the rest of you wish to take my hand," he added significantly, "he must come to me."

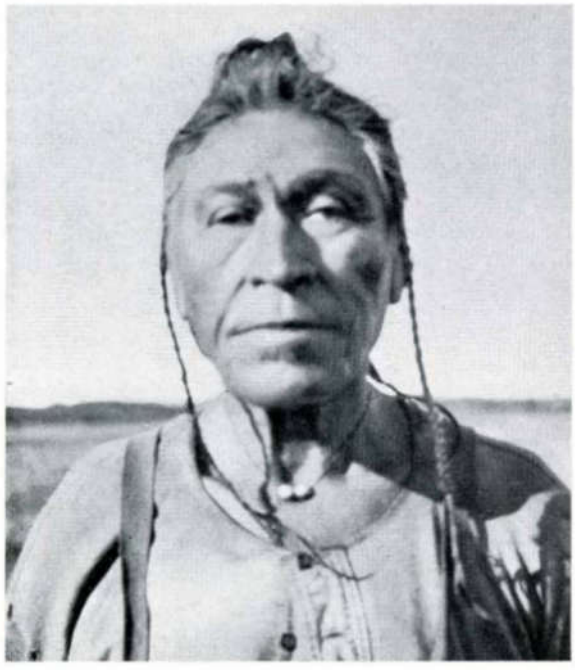
Poundmaker: "What's the matter here? The houses seem all deserted."

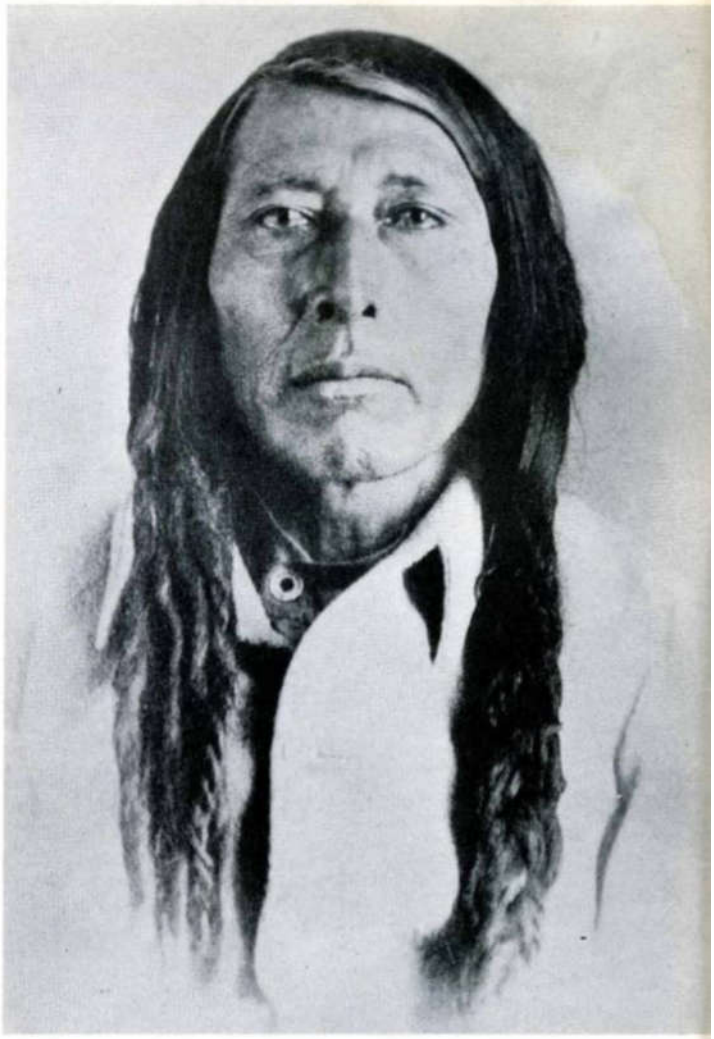
McKay: "Yes; the whites are all in the barracks. And if you are surprised, you are not alone. To find you here in a body, armed and painted, that is what surprises me. I understood from your agent that you would stay on your reserves, take no part in any outbreak. Yet here you come to town, marching like soldiers going to war."

Poundmaker: "We came to learn about the Duck Lake fight."

McKay: "Well, that to me is a strange explanation. Ballendine, here, went with the agent to the reserves and told you all about it, the fight between the half-breeds and the police. However, since you ask for news, I'll give you some. I knew you were coming down and it was I who warned the whites. That's the reason you see the houses deserted."

Fine Day, war chief, who led the Indians in the Cut Knife battle, 1885. **W.B.C.**





Chief Poundmaker, one of the leaders in the 1885 rebellion.

Poundmaker (flushing angrily, with a wave of his hand): "Blood will be spilled all over here!"

McKay: "What? That's strange talk again. When I heard you were coming I hurried back over the river to speak to you for your own good, to advise you not to listen to these *keeskwayowuk*—these crazy half-breeds who have taken up arms. Having themselves got into trouble, they now wish to drag you in with them. When I reached the river I was told not to come across; a woman yelled to me that you were going to kill me. And not only me but others—the Indian agent, and the clergyman who takes care of your children at the school. But I came, and I asked no one to come with me. Now I am here."

The Indians heard him in sullen silence. He went on: "Anybody could do it, even a woman. I am alone and unarmed. Men are not needed to kill me."

They began to crowd him. A tall headman, his eyes blazing, leaned forward, launching against him a sizzling tirade of abuse, shaking his clawlike fist in the trader's face.

"Stand back!" ordered McKay, sternly. "If you wish to speak to me, keep your distance. Don't try to cow me; I'm not to be frightened. If I was I wouldn't be here."

Fine Day, pumping a cartridge into his Winchester, jumped to his feet. An ominous hush fell. The Indian turned and spoke to the young men behind him.

"Ho, *skineekeetuk*!" he goaded. "You crowed when we were on our way to town to show you were with me, that you backed me up. Why don't you crow now? Is it because you're afraid of what may happen if you do? Why, why don't you crow?"

McKay continued in a level voice: "Though there are hundreds of you here, I repeat: Don't think I'm to be frightened by your guns or threats. But, do you think this looks well when I, a single man, have come to give you good counsel? As for this fellow who thinks himself such a great brave, what I should like better than anything is to meet him when this trouble is over, alone, and there are just the two of us; when he has no young men behind him to whip on to bloodshed! That would be the time for him to jump round, to talk big. Not now.

"Can any Indian say I ever did him a wrong—ever gave him anything but fair treatment? What reason, then, have I to be fearful of anybody?"

Poundmaker: "Oh, this is all wrong, *Mukwyanasis* —that you were to be killed. All lies!"

Fine Day was silent. McKay knew Fine Day. And Fine Day had good cause to remember McKay; but that is another story. The conciliatory speech of his chief and the disappointing collapse of vocal support from the young men in the presence of actualities left him faltering before the crowning enormity of pressing the trigger, and he dropped morosely into the background.

Once more McKay reverted to the reason for his visit. He told again of the Duck Lake fight; he talked to the simple tribesmen as he would have spoken to unruly children.

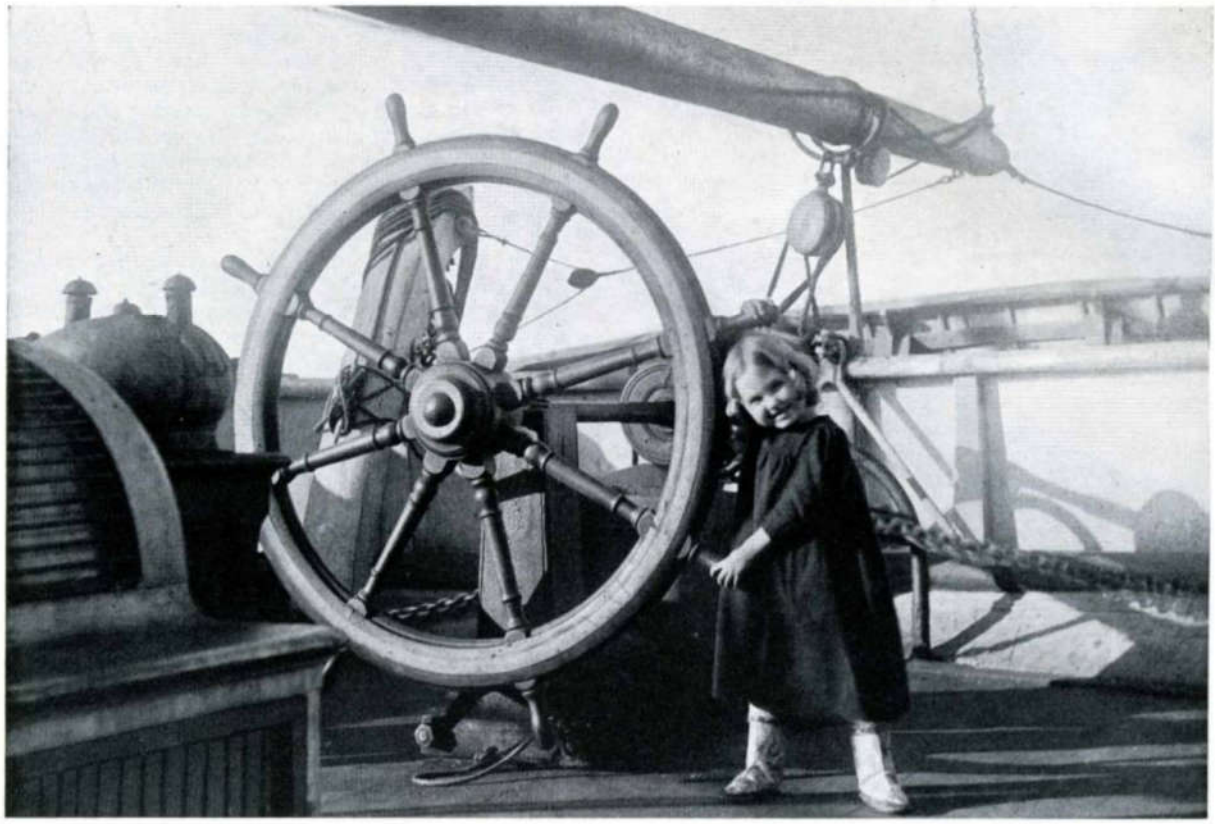
"You might succeed in killing a few whites," he told them, "but your success would be short-lived. Don't be so foolish as to think you can beat the whites. For every white man killed hundreds will come, demanding payment in blood, and you who are still alive will be hiding in the woods, afraid to show yourselves in the broad light of day. Forget this madness, go back to your reserves and later when the half-breeds are beaten you will be glad that you live because, in spite of threats against my life, I came to you today with good advice."

McKay did not know when he spoke that on their way to town they had pillaged and burned the homes of settlers who had fled for refuge to the barracks at Battleford. Nor did he know whether or not they were aware of the murders that morning by the Assiniboines of Bernard Tremont and James Payne in the Eagle Hills south of town. In any case, though they listened without interrupting him, they were in no mood at that moment to accept counsels of peace. They were on the warpath, had merely started and had no intention immediately of abandoning it.

Concluding the interview, McKay tempered their hostility for the time being by issuing to them provisions for a meal and returned to the barracks. That night the stores along the hill were broken into and sacked. The wave of insurrection had swept westward and engulfed Battleford, bringing death and destruction in its wake. Weeks were to pass before the last ripple had died away.

William McKay died only a few years ago—in 1931 —at his farm near Prince Albert, aged 79. Of his nine brothers and sisters, only two are alive today. The archdeacon, now ninety, lives in retirement at Sturgis, South Dakota; and Angus, four years younger, at Prince Albert. He is the last of that long line of McKays to serve the Hudson's Bay Company.

Poundmaker surrenders at Battleford, May 1885. From the painting by R. Lindemere.



Marie Ahnighito Peary at the wheel of her father's ship in 1898.

CHILD OF THE ARCTIC

by Marie Ahnighito Peary Stafford

Born farthest north of any white child in history, the daughter of Admiral Peary, discoverer of the North Pole, here tells of childhood adventures on Ellesmere Island.

EVEN while it was happening to me, my childhood seemed an unusually happy and fascinating one; in retrospect, it seems ideal. In 1886, my father, Robert Edwin Peary, then a lieutenant in the United States navy and unmarried, made a brief summer reconnaissance trip to Greenland, and thereafter his fate was sealed. He had become infected with the germ of "Arctic fever" and his life's work from then on lay beyond the Arctic circle.

In 1891, with a well equipped expedition and my mother as an important member of the party, he spent a year in Greenland, during which time he made an epoch making sled journey around the northern end of that great island, definitely determining its insularity. In June of 1893, with another expedition, he and my mother again went north, and it was in September of that same year that I was born, at Anniversary Lodge, 77° 44′ north latitude, and became the most northerly born white child in the world—a record which, to my knowledge, has not yet been equalled.

I spent my first year and a half in the Arctic, and then returned to the States. In 1896, when I was three, Mother and I travelled to North Greenland and back on the ship sent to bring out a great meteorite. Then in 1900 we went north again.

My father had left in 1898 for a four-year expedition, during which he hoped to discover the North Pole; and four years of silence is a long time. In those days there was of course no radio. When an expedition went into the Arctic there was no way of hearing from it until it returned—and some of them had not returned—so the waiting time was anxious. During the first year of my father's absence, my sister was born and died, and so when, in the summer of 1900, a supply ship was going north to take additional provisions to the party and get what news it could of them, mother couldn't resist the temptation to go along. It was only a summer trip. She was experienced in the ways of life in the Arctic, so it would be no hardship, and she felt that she could stand the next two years better if she saw Dad—if only for a few weeks.

So off we went. In those days there was never very much money available for Arctic expeditions, so that while our provisions were more than adequate and the ship was a sturdy craft, she was poorly engined, and that year happened to be the worst, as far as ice was concerned, that our skipper, Captain "Sam" Bartlett, had known in all his long years of experience. It took us over a month to get from Sydney, Cape Breton, to Etah, North Greenland, where my father had said before leaving that he planned to establish his headquarters. And for at least two thirds of that time we were fighting a most unequal battle with the ice.

Finally the evening came when Captain Sam said that next morning we would be at Etah, and Mother and I were so excited we scarcely slept at all. Early in the morning we were out on deck, and, sure enough, we were just dropping anchor in the little harbour. We could plainly see the frame shack of my father's headquarters and the huts of the Eskimos, with many of the natives milling around; but there was no sign of a white man, and my father's personal flag, which always flew from the mast of the ship when he was on board or from a staff if he were at headquarters, was not flying. It was a horrible moment for us, because grim things can happen in the Arctic and we had had no news for two years.

The captain went ashore in a small boat and came back with the news that Etah had proved unsatisfactory as headquarters, that my father had moved over to Cape Sabine in Ellesmere Land and wished the ship to bring his mail, provisions and the Eskimo families over to him there. It was a let-down, but we were glad that it was no worse. Reluctantly, preparations were begun to carry out the new orders.

It was with reluctance for several reasons. The season was already well advanced, the ice was getting worse, and Captain Sam disliked taking his inadequate ship further north. Cape Sabine was only twenty-four hours' steaming away, but it was further north just the same. Then, too, sailors are a superstitious group, and there was not a man on board who did not remember Cape Sabine as the spot where the greater part of the ill-fated Greeley expedition had starved to death. But "orders is orders," and, after a day of hard work loading everything on board, we set out.

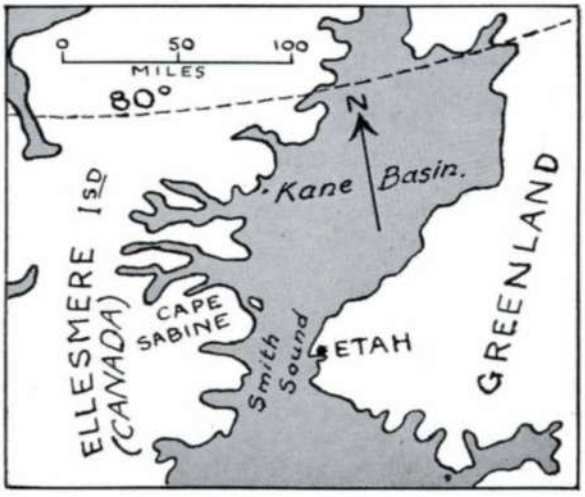
The Peary baby, aged ten months, greets an Eskimo friend sitting in the hood of its mother's artiggi.

Capt. Sam Bartlett's ship Windward *stuck in the ice on the way to Cape Sabine.*

The trip was a nightmare. The ice was running down through narrow Smith Sound, out of Kane Basin, as if propelled by demons, and our ship would be caught by it and carried further south in a few hours than she had been able to steam north all day. We only gained by inches, it seemed, and every minute the ship was in danger of being crushed between the thick, whirling, fast-driven ice floes. No one was allowed to undress; the life boats were hauled in from the davits and rested, fully provisioned, on the decks, and the captain never left the bridge. We were exactly one week making a crossing that ordinarily took twenty-four hours, and when we finally won into Payer Harbour at Cape Sabine, my father was not there either.

That was the end of things, as far as Mother and I were concerned. It was slight comfort to learn from the Eskimos that my father was on a long expedition to the north but that, as far as they knew, he was all right. We knew that we would not be able to see him because the captain wanted to get his ship unloaded and started for home as quickly as possible. We were pretty discouraged and heart-sick as we went to bed

It took the Windward *a week to cross from Etah to Cape Sabine. North of the cape is Bache Peninsula, where the R.C.M.P. later established a post.*



Miss Peary at the time of her adventures on Ellesmere Island.

that night, but bed felt wonderful after a week of sleeping in our clothes and we slept the sleep of exhaustion.

It seemed to me as if I had scarcely closed my eyes before I was awakened by Mother shaking me. She was fully dressed in her fur clothing again and urged me to do likewise as quickly as possible while she packed some things in a small bag. We had to get ashore immediately as the captain was afraid the ship would sink. This is what had happened. Those northern waters were practically uncharted at that time, so that a skipper had nothing to guide him except his seaman's instinct and previous experience. The captain had picked what seemed to be a good anchorage, set one man as anchor watch and let the remainder of the crew, exhausted from a week's battle with the ice, turn in.

But the man on watch was exhausted too and fell asleep. During the night a strong wind swept down over the high cliffs surrounding the harbour, and blew our ship from her anchorage over onto a submerged ledge. The tide was now falling and the ship, with one side caught on the ledge, was tipping perilously over into deep water. By the time we were ready to go ashore, our cabin floor was at such a steep slant that it was impossible to scale it, and the sailors had to reach down and haul us up. Once on deck, it was just a question of sitting down and sliding into the boat, which was alongside the almost submerged rail.

Ashore we went in a blinding snowstorm, and there we stayed for hours, with nothing to eat and no shelter except the rather dubious one of Eskimo igloos. The captain had done all he could. Strong cables had been attached to the masts and anchored among the rocks ashore to try to keep the ship upright, and the tired men were working waist deep in the icy water unloading. This was for the dual purpose of lightening the ship and making her more buoyant, and also to provide us with supplies in case she sank. One of the worst things that can happen in the Arctic is to lose your ship, for at one fell swoop you lose not only your home but also your means of getting away.

Finally the captain came to Mother and said, "I'm afraid it's all up. One of the cables has parted and the tide is still falling. If it continues to fall much longer, the ship is gone." Well, it has been my experience that there comes a time when things can't possibly get any worse and, as nothing stands still, they have to get better, and this was one of those times. We had had a fearful journey north, we had nearly lost our ship crossing Smith Sound, we had been disappointed twice in seeing Dad—to lose our ship now would have been just too much. And we didn't. The tide finally turned; the ship was righted and towed to a place which had been determined by soundings to be safe, and we were once more on board. Everything was soaking wet, for water had poured in through the port-holes and every available opening, but at least it was a roof over our heads and a place to sit down, and we were grateful.

Next morning we discovered that the same unusually low tide which had almost lost us our ship had stranded an enormous iceberg neatly in the middle of the narrow channel leading into the harbour. There was not room enough for the ship to pass on either side and, though the captain tried cross-cut saws and gunpowder, and even dynamite, there it was and there it remained, and there, perforce, we remained also. The water of the harbour gradually froze over and we were prisoners for the winter.

To me, this was the most marvellous thing that could have happened. I had never been able to stay north as long as I wanted to; we had on board, brought over from Etah, some of my favourite Eskimo playmates, and—best of all—I had radiant visions of a winter without school. It was a perfect set-up. Unfortunately for the latter vision, mothers, as my own boys once told me, certainly can "mess up your plans," and Mother had no intention of having me run wild all winter. We had lessons every forenoon—a grimly determined teacher (Mother) and an extremely reluctant pupil (me)—with the result that when we finally returned home I was able to continue with my former classmates just as if I had not dropped a year.

The forenoons were not an unmixed delight, but the remainder of the day I was free to do as I pleased, and that was play with the Eskimo children. Not the girls; I must admit frankly that I found the girls rather poky. Eskimo children have to make their playtime pay dividends; that is, they play at the things they will be required to do later in their struggle for existence in such a forbidding climate. The little girls learn how to chew skins and make mittens and gather moss to use as wicks in the family stove. They also build tiny igloos of stone, so as to be able to help in building real ones when they get older. None of this appealed to an inherent tomboy.

But the boys did really diverting things. They set traps for foxes. They practiced creeping up unseen on

an imaginary seal sunning itself on the ice. Best of all, they set up lumps of snow in the arrangement of a dog-team and practiced controlling them with a long thonged whip. Sometimes they even caught some of the younger dogs, hitched them to a small sled and actually drove them, with results more exciting than efficient. Here was real fun, and without hesitation I threw in my lot with the boys. Among them all, my favourite was an orphan boy, Koodlooktoo, who was the perfect companion. He was several years older than I, and had established—how, I never knew—a reputation with my parents as being a "nice, steady little boy." Consequently I was allowed to go off with Koodlooktoo much more often than with any of the others. As a matter of fact, a worse little imp never walked. There was no mischief that I could think up which Koodlooktoo was unwilling to help me in, and when we got caught, as we did on an average of once a week, it was always Koodlooktoo who was blamed, because "that dear little girl could never have thought that up by herself." And as punishment rolled off him like water off a duck's back, you can readily see why he was the perfect companion. But he was more than that, as I shall show you.

The winter passed without any word from my father. Every full moon, when the travelling was good, Mother equipped a party of Eskimos led by one of the sailors to try and get in touch with him. But the sailors were frightened, the natives had no confidence in their leader, and the party simply went out of sight of the ship, ate up their provisions and returned unsuccessful. It must have been a heart-breaking time for Mother. She and the captain were the only ones aboard ship who could read or write; there was no doctor, which in itself created a problem, with an active seven-year-old child to care for; it was evidently impossible to get word to my father that we were there, and equally impossible to get word to her family at home that we were all right.

Yet in all that time I never saw my mother sad, nor did she give any evidence of the cares and worries with which she was burdened. It was as if she had determined not to shadow my childhood with problems about which I could do nothing. Sometimes, in the evenings, she would sing to me. I can see her now, with her head tipped back against the panelling of the cabin and her eyes closed while she sang "Blue Alsatian Mountains," and "Old Black Joe," and "Nancy Lee"—she never sang "Home, Sweet Home"—and tears slipped down her cheeks as she sang and I thought she was crying because the songs were sad. That was the only way she ever showed the strain under which she lived.

Every month at the full of the moon, when the light reflected on the snow made things almost as bright as daylight, Koodlooktoo and I planned some little excursion away from the ship. In March we decided to walk from the ship to Cape Sabine, the northern end of Payer Harbour. Our ship was frozen in under the lee of the southern cape, and across the ice to Cape Sabine was about four miles. We set off in the early morning, with a picnic lunch and proudly bearing instructions from the captain to climb the cape and bring him back a report on ice conditions to the north.

Arrived at the shore, we ate our lunch in the shelter of a huge boulder and then climbed the cape. There was no sign of any break in the ice to the north, but as we glanced back over the way we had come we

Mrs. Peary in Arctic dress of caribou skin.

stood petrified. A brisk wind had been blowing steadily from the south, but as it was at our backs as we walked, we had not minded it. Now we saw that the wind, together with the extremely high tide which always accompanies a full moon, had broken up the ice between us and the ship, and where we had walked on thick ice there was now only churning black water.

The ship was still held by the ice to the southern cape, and Koodlooktoo said it was just a matter of skirting Payer Harbour on land and reaching the ship from the south. This was a sensible and simple solution of the difficulty, except for the fact that I had heard Captain Sam tell Mother that Payer Harbour, from cape to cape along the shore, was twenty-five miles long. And we had already walked four, and Koodlooktoo was ten and I was seven. But we started off.

We walked and walked and walked, not simple walking either, for the snow had drifted so that at times you plunged into a drift up to your waist, and at others brought up short on an ice-covered rock with a jolt that jarred your spine. The way along the shore was not entirely clear, so we had a lot of climbing to do over the small hills that surrounded the harbour. Finally, after ages we came to the top of a steep slope, at the foot of which we could see the lights of the ship. Weary and footsore, I immediately decided to sit down and slide. The more cautious (and intelligent) Koodlooktoo advised strongly against it. He said that the slope was a glacier, which might have crevasses across its face; besides, neither he nor I could remember if it ended in a gentle slope or a steep and abrupt cliff, and he suggested that we con-

tinue walking around; "it would only be a few miles further." This was more than I could bear. Rashly, I told him that if he wanted to walk on around he could do so for all of me, but I was going to sit down and slide.

At first we were very cautious, stretching our legs out in front of us, digging in our heels and drawing our bodies up to our feet. This was sensible, for we could have felt a crevasse ahead of us in time to avoid falling in. But, like most sensible things, it was very boring; I was anxious to get down to the ship. So, tucking my feet under me and giving myself a little push, I began to slide rapidly down hill. Faster and faster I went, and it was very exhilarating, until suddenly I discovered that we were not the only things that were sliding. We had started the top layer of snow and it was moving even more rapidly than we. This was not so good.

I tried to stop, but digging in my heels brought no results; neither did throwing myself on my back with outstretched arms. The snow was carrying us irresistibly along. Then ahead of us I saw that what Koodlooktoo had feared most was going to happen. The slope ended in an abrupt drop, and I could see the sheet of snow in front of me reach the edge, crumble and break off and drop into the depths below. Frantically I renewed my efforts to stop, but without success. Just as I had given myself up, a bundle of fur, kicking and clawing like an animal, shot past me down the slope.

It was Koodlooktoo. He had found that he could go faster than the sliding snow only by putting his head between his knees and making himself into a ball. At the very edge of the drop he stopped miraculously, dug in his feet, and as I, in my own private little snow slide, went past him he shot out an arm, clutched me and drew me to safety beside him. It was a very close call, and for a few minutes we didn't dare breathe for fear of starting the snow on which we stood into another slide. Then gradually, almost a toe at a time, we inched our way along the edge to firm, unyielding ground. Koodlooktoo picked a way down the snow slope and across the ice foot, and at two a.m. we were once more on board the ship.

As we stood in the galley drinking huge mugs of steaming cocoa, I said to Koodlooktoo, "What I can't understand is how you knew you would find firm snow at the top of the cliff. It didn't look any different from the rest of the snow." He gave me a queer look and answered very gravely, "Of course, I didn't know; I only knew I must take any chance to save Ahnighito that I could." In other words, he had deliberately

The reunited Peary family on the shore of Payer Harbour, Ellesmere Island, in 1901.

Robert E. Peary, discoverer of the North Pole. This portrait was made in 1898, when he was a lieutenant in the U.S. Navy.

risked his life in order to be deserving of the trust placed in him as my companion. I do not believe that any ten-year-old boy who has had the so-called benefits of civilization could stand up more courageously to such a hard test as this simple untutored boy whom we, in our superior fashion, carlessly term a "savage."

The remainder of the winter passed uneventfully. My father's birthday is May 6th, and on the 5th we baked him a birthday cake. This is a custom in our family whether the "birthday child" is present or not. It wasn't a very good cake, because we had only canned milk and powdered eggs, but it looked very festive. That night I was awakened from sleep by a thump on the deck over my head as if someone had jumped down from the ship's rail; there was the sound of footsteps hurrying down the companionway, and Mother sat up in bed with her eyes shining like two stars and said, in a quiet little voice, "That's your father." And it was. The door of our cabin burst open and in came a giant dressed in furs who never even saw me for several minutes, until I indignantly said, "You know, I'm here too, Dad."

It seemed too wonderful to be true, to be reunited after two years and on Dad's birthday. Of course we teased him and said that it was probably the smell of his birthday cake that had brought him to us, but, as a matter of fact, it was even more remarkable than that. He had been out with a party of his Eskimos hunting towards the south when he met a party of Eskimos from the ship hunting to the north. Naturally, they stopped to exchange news, but Eskimos are extremely taciturn; they never volunteer information, and answer only the exact question that is asked. So the conversation was something like this:

Dad—"Did the ship get up last summer?"

They—"Yes."

Dad—"Did she bring my things over from Etah?"

They—"Yes."

Dad—"Who was the captain?"

They—"Captain Sam." (They didn't need to say Bartlett. It was always a Bartlett.)

Dad—"Anyone on board I knew?"

They—"Mitty Peary and Ahnighito."

Dad, very much startled—"Mitty Peary and Ahnighito! Wasn't there a little baby?"

They—"No; no little baby."

Dad, after a pause—"When did they go back?"

They, very casually—"Oh, they didn't go back. Right around corner here at Payer Harbour."

There is little to add; the record speaks for itself. My father and the Eskimos started for the ship at the same time, and he, usually dignified and unhurried, arrived three hours before they did.

He remained with us until the summer breakup of the ice and assisted the captain in extricating our ship. Then we left for home and he remained behind to go on with his work. In 1902 Mother and I again made a summer trip to Ellesmere Land, and this time brought my father home with us. In 1903 my brother was born, and that ended Arctic voyages for Mother and me.

And in 1909, my father finally achieved his life's ambition and discovered the North Pole. There followed a gala time for the whole family, reunited permanently now; and part of the fun consisted of two trips to Europe, during which my father received the highest honours in their power to bestow from all the leading geographical societies of Great Britain and the Continent. Some few discerning groups honoured my mother also, and with their sentiments I am deeply in accord.

I shall always believe that, had it not been for my mother, my father would never have discovered the Pole. From the beginning almost, my father felt that the discovery of the North Pole was the object for which he had been born, and, being a strong willed man of unswerving purpose, he would have sought that goal even if Mother had opposed him. But she could have refused to accompany him on the earlier expeditions, and complained bitterly at being left alone when he went on the later ones. Most of all, she could have said, "Why do you think *you* are the man to do this thing when so many other brave men have tried and failed?" He would still have gone. But in those black hours of depression, when time and again he saw his plans fail for reasons which he could neither have foreseen nor prevented, he would have thought, "She is right; I am not the man for the job," and he would have given up. No man can succeed when his courage and self-confidence have been sapped before he begins. Instead, Mother sent him off each time with colours flying, her pride and belief in him shining in her face. And when you send a man out like that, he just can't fail.

The happiest recollections of my childhood, in Greenland or elsewhere, are the remarkable parents who made it all possible.

BLACK

A Plains Indian in the costume of the dog dance. From a drawing by Charles Bodmer in Prince Maximilian's Travels *of the 1830's.* B.C. Archives.

One of the original members of the N.W.M.P. describes some of the weird happenings he witnessed in Blackfoot camps of the seventies.

IN the early days among the Western tribes there was a class of men who were versed in certain arts that made them feared by the Indians. They were a source of considerable curiosity to any white men who happened to see them performing, and were more or less looked upon as priests by the other Indians, being familiar with the use of herbs, and performing

FOOT MAGIC

by Sir Cecil Denny, Bart.

incantations over the sick. These medicine men had, to my own knowledge, wonderful powers of their own, and some of the feats they accomplished were, to say the least, extraordinary. Certainly those which came under my own observation, I could in no wise account for nor fathom.

I have seen a medicine man, when the camp had been without meat for a long time and the Indians had no knowledge of where the buffalo were to be found, leave the camp alone and go to the summit of some hill in the vicinity, where he would remain, sometimes as long as three days, without food or water, making what he called medicine and communing with the Great Buffalo Spirit for power to lead a herd of buffalo into the starving camp. He would plaster himself from head to foot with a white clay and burn certain herbs in his pipe, after which he would return to the camp and announce that the Spirit had been propitious, and that on the following day he would go out to the plains and draw a herd of buffalo after him into the camp, and for the Indians to be prepared for the slaughter. I have myself seen this Indian leave camp dressed in either a buffalo robe with the horns on, or else with a wolf skin round him, and return after a day's absence with a large herd of buffalo not very far behind him; and this when no buffalo had been known to be anywhere in the vicinity for many days previously.

Another trick it was my good fortune to witness was in a large buffalo-skin lodge, which was crowded with Indians come to see the performance of the medicine man. A large copper kettle, which would probably hold ten gallons and was about eighteen inches deep, was placed empty on the hot blazing fire in the centre of the lodge. I was sitting at the head of the lodge when two squaws removed the red-hot kettle from the fire by passing a pole through the handles. The heat of it was so intense that I had to move away when it was placed near me. The medicine man, who had been droning in a low voice an Indian song, and who sat naked, with the exception of a cloth round his loins, then stood up and stepped with bare feet into the red-hot kettle, in which he danced for at least five minutes. He showed me his bare feet afterwards, with no sign of a burn on them.

On another occasion, when I happened to be at one of their medicine ceremonies, a small tent about four feet high and about the same in diameter was pitched near the middle of a huge lodge in which we were; the ground inside this small tent was covered with sharp-pointed stakes placed some inches in the ground, not over three inches apart, all over this space; the medicine man was then bound hand and foot tightly with raw-hide ropes and tossed naked right onto the pointed stakes, the flaps of the tent being quickly drawn down hiding the man from sight.

In a few minutes, the sound of a bell came from the tent, the flap was drawn back, and out stepped the Indian free of the ropes, with no mark or scratch on him and, most curious of all, the sharp-pointed stakes seemingly untouched. I could see no possibility of a trick, as one could see all round the small tent, and no one went near it after the Indian was thrown in.

Another instance it was my good fortune to witness startled me not a little. I happened to be camped in the summer of 1879 on the Red Deer River in close proximity to a large Blackfoot Indian camp, and one moonlight night walked over to the camp with my interpreter, Billy Gladstone. We intended visiting the lodge of the medicine man, which was pitched on one side and a little distance from the main camp.

We entered the lodge, which had only a small fire burning in the centre. The medicine man was sitting wrapped in his buffalo robe at the head of the teepee, smoking one of their long medicine pipes. He paid no attention to us whatever. I therefore sat down near him, lighting my own pipe and, placing a present of two plugs of tobacco near him, proceeded to smoke quietly, without a sign of recognition being made by the Indian.

Everything was very still in the lodge, while outside in the main camp drums could be heard beating in different parts, wherever dances were being held. We had sat this way for quite a time, when I was startled by the sound of a bell ringing above me, over the top of the lodge. I could see nothing, and the Indian made no move. Presently the teepee itself began to rock, even lifting off the ground a foot or more behind me. When it is remembered that a large Indian tent consists of dozens of long poles crossed at the top, wide apart at the bottom, and covered with buffalo hides, it will seem that it is nearly impossible to lift one side, for no wind can blow them over.

The rocking motion ceased after a while, and I went outside the lodge to see if anyone had been playing tricks; but not a human being was in sight near us, the moon was clear, and you could see a long distance. On returning and resuming my seat after a short interval, the tent again began to rock, and so violently that it would sometimes lift several feet on one side, so that you could plainly see outside. My interpreter was thoroughly frightened by this time, and I was not much better, but the Indian never stirred. However we had seen enough and left, returning to our camp thoroughly mystified.

One Indian, a Blood, still living at the time of writing (1909),. was shot right through the left lung, the bullet coming out below the shoulder-blade. He was attended by one of their own medicine men, as he could by no means be induced to let our police surgeon see him. This medicine man covered him (the wounded man) with white mud from head to foot and spent a whole day drumming and singing over him, when he announced that he would bring the bad spirit out of the man in living shape.

I then saw him inject from his mouth some substance into the bullet wound in the breast, and, withdrawing his hand from the wound, he held out a living white mouse. How he got it, I do not know. It was the first and only white mouse I ever saw in the country. However, the Indian finally recovered, and was still living a short time ago.

I could tell many weird stories of these medicine men and their ways, but they would not be credited. These strange men have nearly altogether died off, and I know of none of them now living who used to make what they called "strong medicine" in the late seventies. They have disappeared with the buffalo, and most of the old Indian customs with them.

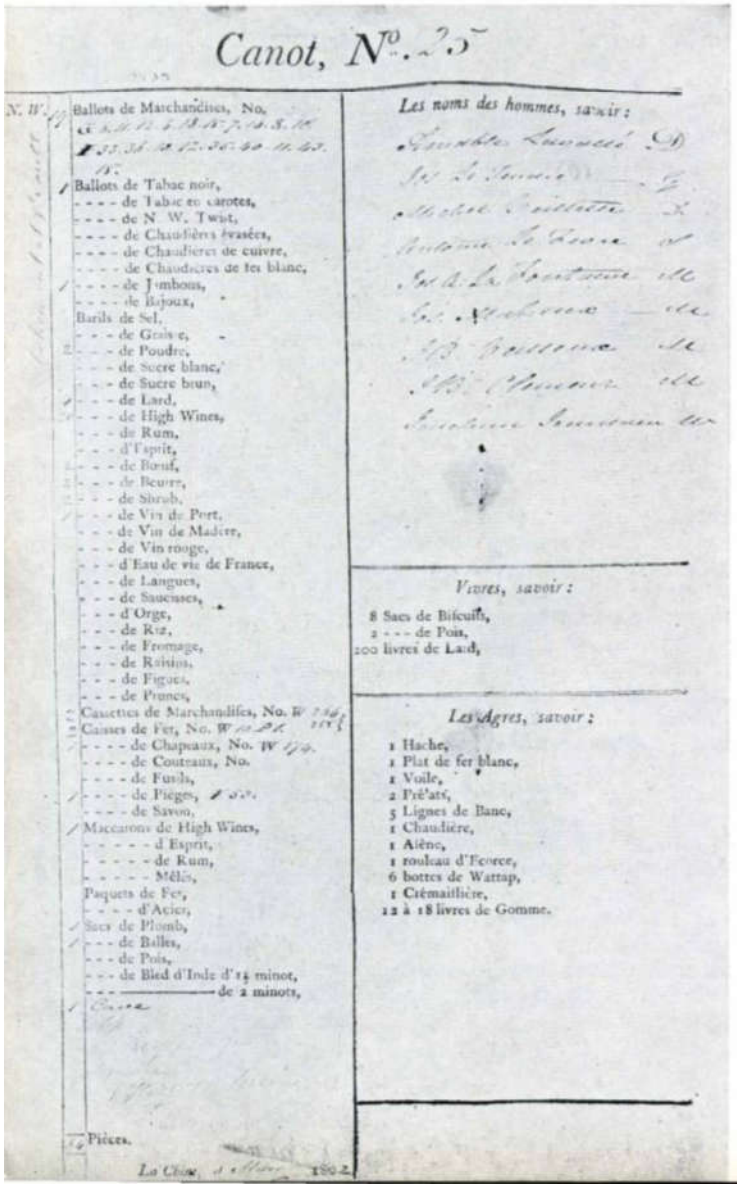
Country-Made Trade Goods

After the union of 1821, the Hudson's Bay Company bought large quantities of supplies for the fur traders, as well as trade goods for the Indians, in Canada instead of in the Old Country.

by Marius Barbeau

THE union of the Hudson's Bay Company and the North West Company, though it was achieved on paper in the early 1820's, took effect only gradually in the latter part of that decade. The amalgamation knit together the conflicting outlooks of both companies without wholly obliterating their strong corporate personalities, and a few of the customs and activities of both parent bodies tended to persist in the face of a stout effort at readjustment.

Bill of lading for a canoe leaving Lachine for the West. Most of the French words are easily translatable. Of the outfit for the canoe, Prelats *are tarpaulins,* Lignes de Banc *tracking lines,* Wattap *spruce root, and* Cremailliere *a pot hook. On the extreme left is a list of provisions "taken out at ye Sault" (Ste. Marie?)* McCord Museum.


Canot, N°. 25

Les noms des hommes, savoir:

Ballots de Marchandises, No.

Ballots de Tabac noir,
- - - - de Tabac en carotes,
- - - - de N. W. Twist,
- - - - de Chaudières évasées,
- - - - de Chaudieres de cuivre,
- - - - de Chaudieres de fer blanc,
- - - - de Jambons,
- - - - de Bijoux,

Barils de Sel,
- - - de Graisse,
- - - de Poudre,
- - - de Sucre blanc,
- - - de Sucre brun,
- - - de Lard,
- - - de High Wines,
- - - de Rum,
- - - d'Esprit,
- - - de Bœuf,
- - - de Beurre,
- - - de Shrub,
- - - de Vin de Port,
- - - de Vin de Madere,
- - - de Vin rouge,
- - - d'Eau de vie de France,
- - - de Langues,
- - - de Saucisses,
- - - d'Orge,
- - - de Riz,
- - - de Fromage,
- - - de Raisins,
- - - de Figues,
- - - de Prunes,

Cassettes de Marchandises, No.
Caisses de Fer, No.
- - - - de Chapeaux, No.
- - - - de Couteaux, No.
- - - - de Fusils,
- - - - de Pièges,
- - - - de Savon,

Maccarons de High Wines,
- - - - - d'Esprit,
- - - - - de Rum,
- - - - - Mêlés,

Paquets de Fer,
- - - - d'Acier,

Sacs de Plomb,
- - - de Balles,
- - - de Pois,
- - - de Bled d'Inde d'1½ minot,
- - - ——— de 2 minots,

Pièces.

Vivres, savoir:

8 Sacs de Biscuits,
2 - - - de Pois,
200 livres de Lard,

Les Agres, savoir:

1 Hache,
1 Plat de fer blanc,
1 Voile,
2 Prê'ats,
5 Lignes de Banc,
1 Chaudière,
1 Alêne,
1 rouleau d'Ecorce,
6 bottes de Wattap,
1 Crémaillière,
12 à 18 livres de Gomme.

La Chine ... 1802

Some independent records of the North West Company, for instance, were continued until the late 1820's: the Accounts Current book of Alexander Mackenzie & Company (preserved in the archives of the Séminaire de Québec) extends to 1826, and the ledger to 1829. Poring over these account books, and over the Minutes of Council of the Northern Department of Rupert's Land for 1821-31 (as published by the Hudson's Bay Record Society) we witness the slow progress of the older concern in adapting itself to some of the vital policies of its former rival in the fur trade.

One of these North West policies was that of living off the country, as it were, by availing itself of Canadian resources in craftsmanship and articles of trade. Governor Simpson, more than any other, brought about the change of spirit and method. Down to his day, the Hudson's Bay Company had secured its supplies wholly from its London centre, and a few outposts on the eastern Arctic coast of North America; whereas the North West Company, with its headquarters in Montreal, had procured a large part of its trade goods in eastern Canada and in New England.

At work in the field Simpson wrote from Fort Nez Percé to the London office, in 1824: "While this ruinous system continues [of bringing in all the food and trade goods from far away] it is not surprising that the Columbia Department is unprofitable. From what I can see and learn no question exists in my mind that by introducing economy and regularity with the necessary spirit of enterprize and a disregard to little domestic comforts, it may be made a most productive branch of the Company's Trade."

His "aggressive insolence and tact" led to his appointment as Governor of the Southern as well as of the Northern Department; the Temiskaming trade, already conducted from Montreal, proved so profitable and important that no thought for its discontinuance could be entertained. The supplies to the Temiskaming posts came from Moose Factory insofar as European goods were concerned, and from Montreal for Canadian products. James Keith, under the Northern Council, was placed in charge of the Montreal trade, and William Connolly in charge of Lake Superior area. Simpson, his ambitions fulfilled, moved his headquarters to Lachine near Montreal. The office of the Company in Montreal presumably was at 79 St. Paul St.—at least we find it so in the Montreal directory for 1819.

As a result of the new policy, C. F. MacKenzie received instructions "to purchase from the Colony the following supplies made up in sound and transportable packages, at the annexed rates: 200 Cwt best Kiln dried Flour at 20s.; 12 Cwt Hulled Barley at 16s. 6d. and 20 Kegs well cured Butter at 60s. p. Keg of 60 lbs. net—and that he takes the necessary steps to get the same conveyed to Norway House, so as to be depended, and thereby be the means of curtailing the requisition from England."

Capots, or hooded blanket coats, were worn by fur traders as well as by Indians, as in this painting by Krieghoff. (Courtesy W. Scott & Sons.)

Lists of similar goods produced in the country east or west, with itemized rates, are on record for 1826 and subsequent dates. These include "Bark Birch, per bottom . . . Corn Indian, per bs. . . . Gum or Pitch . . . Pemmican fine and common . . . Pork, salted . . . Shaganapie, Pack Cords lb., p. Snow Shoe . . . Canoes, large north . . . Meat, pounded: Dried or piece, Fresh, salt Buffalo, Deer . . . Shoes. Indian, Skins, dressed Buffalo . . . Etc."

Pursuing the same wholesome policy of decentralizing the supply, goods formerly carried by canoe from Montreal to the West were procured wherever they could be, and instructions were sent forth a few years later (in June 1831): "That Gentlemen in charge of Districts and Posts be directed to use their utmost endeavours to collect large quantities of Leather (dressed & parchment), Buffalo Robes, Pack Cords, Snowshoe Line, Sinews, tracking shoes, leather Tents, Etc., as these are articles absolutely necessary for the trade in many parts of the country, and cannot be purchased in Europe or Canada."

Other instructions to the same effect aimed at cutting down the provisions for many years obtained in the neighbourhood of Montreal, and transported at a high cost into the interior of the continent: "Some provisions as a substitute for Indian Corn, such as Pease, Beans and Oatmeal for the voyage are most necessary, Pork and Beef little required and Flour from the change of system not so much in requisition as hitherto; it is possible from increasing supplies of food to be obtained in the Country, that imported provisions may shortly be reduced to a small scale. . . ."

The purely Laurentian trade goods, that is the articles procured at Montreal or in the neighbourhood, or through Montreal agencies, made up a large order. The rejuvenated Company hardly found it necessary to seek new sources; it had only to follow the tracks which the North West Company had already beaten deep, in the course of the two or three previous decades; some of these, moreover, had been opened up by the earlier adventurers of the French period. From the beginnings of the organized fur trade of the North West, Montreal had become a manufacturing as well as an importing centre.

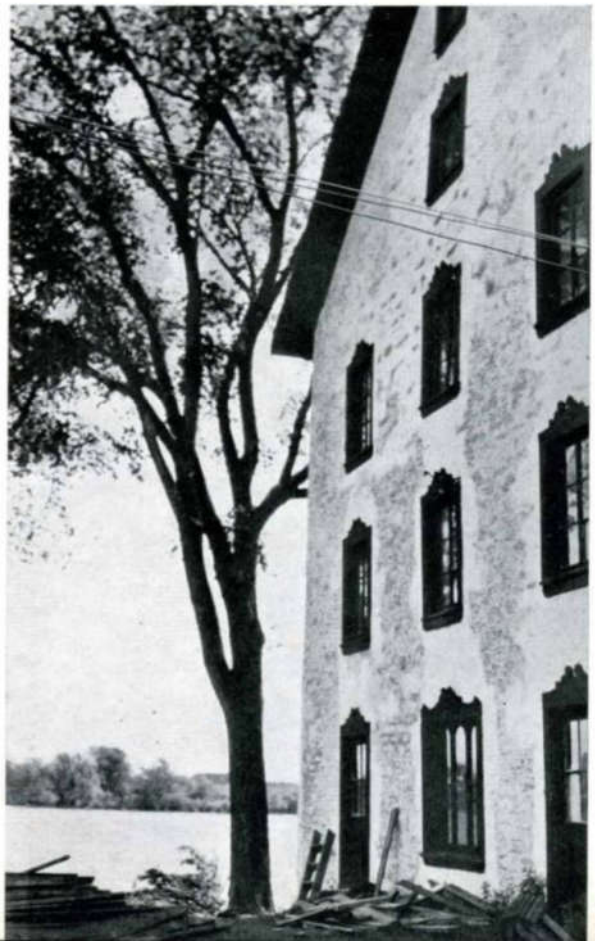
The initiative of the American fur traders, after 1760, had forced the Canadians at Detroit to introduce trinket silver as an indispensable item with the Indians; this was produced in large quantities in Montreal; a little of it came from Quebec. Another American item for the fur trade, everywhere most important in the northeastern woodlands, but not in the northwest, was wampum.

The wampum beads, long in demand as native currency among all the tribes of the Atlantic seaboard and the valley of the St. Lawrence, particularly the Iroquoians, consist of small cut and polished fragments, in the form of perforated disks or cylinders that were strung on threads or deer sinew, of the *Venus mercenaria* shell, found in the salt-waters of the ocean in Virginia and the states to the south. The wampum beads were of two varieties: bluish or purple, and white; the purple was considered the more valuable.

At an early date, during the colonial period, the white traders realized the value of this native money for the fur trade, and with the help of simple machinery produced it in large quantities and in an improved form—the beads being all evenly matched.

Wampum was accepted as currency in Massachusetts. Even Harvard College accepted it for tuition and other fees, provided it was "not obliged to take more than £25 of it at any one time." The scarcity of proper currency and the resultant demand for wampum encouraged the Dutch at New Amsterdam to establish factories, where they made it in such quantities that they broke the market and the value of wampum quickly decreased.

Roderick McKenzie's old seigniorial flour mill, which supplied the canoe brigades, still stands beside the river at Terrebonne, north of Montreal.



The North West Company in Montreal bought vast supplies of wampum beads from the Astor Company. On its books (at the archives of the Séminaire de Québec) we find, for instance, a copy of a letter addressed from Montreal, Nov. 27, 1802, to J. J. Astor, Esq.: "Messrs Forsyth Richardson & Co. inform us that you find great difficulty in procuring white wampum, the present therefore serves to request you will purchase the quantity of black heretofore ordered for us . . . say one hundred thousand . . . and an equal quantity of white . . ." On Aug. 27, 1803, an order was sent to John Jacob Astor to procure 50,000 black and 50,000 white wampum.

A few years previously (1800) four dozen imitation wampum was paid for, but the attempt to market the fake variety obviously was unsuccessful. The same year a large order for the genuine article was sent forth: 171,000 blue wampum, 37,350 white, 695 hair pipes, 154 shells, etc.; and, in 1805, 150,250 black wampum, 149,750 white, from John Murray & Sons, for $884.38.

For many years wampum currency retained its hold on the trade, on a par with silver trinkets and ornaments, all of this from or via Montreal.

In spite of its policy to obtain whatever it could in the neighbourhood of Montreal, the North West Company had to buy in London, just like the Hudson's Bay Company, a vast number of items, which we find listed in the outfits for the various years. For instance, Outfit 1820, Phyn Inglis, London, provided an immense quantity of beads, mostly coloured, for needle work and costume decoration, needles, axes and adzes, ribbon, braid, blankets, red and blue cloth, paint, and many trinkets, as well as weapons—guns, pistols, tomahawks, iron spear-heads.

But it was at Montreal, Lachine, L'Assomption, Berthier, and Three Rivers, that the bourgeois of the North West Company and the Hudson's Bay Company managed to procure most of the foods and food supplies required for the barter and the maintenance of their voyageurs, canoemen and *hivernants* or wintering partners (those staying the year round at the posts). And the equipment from this source, in the account books, falls under the heads of provisions, costume, instruments and utensils, canoes, furniture, materials of varied kinds, and trinkets.

Each spring, the food supplies, gathered in Montreal, filled the packs (called *paquetons*) in the large birch-bark canoes of the canoe brigade starting from Lachine for the northwest. Part of these supplies were imported, but the greatest part was produced in this country: pork, lard—the canoemen were called *mangeurs de lard*, pork eaters—sausages, smoked ham, beef, corned beef, wild rice, loaf sugar, sweet corn, flour in barrels, beans, butter in kegs, cheese, biscuits and macaroons . . .

Such items as these appear in the accounts: From M. Durocher for — bushels of beans; to Mme. Collin for — barrels of sausages; to Dieffenback for smoking hams and cheeks; do. for smoked beef and sausages; 90 barrels of *Farine Entiere* (whole flour), 40 barrels "T Flour," 5 kegs of wild oats of Kam. The salmon no doubt came from the lower St. Lawrence; in Outfit 1805, 217 "tierces" (of salmon) are mentioned. The Montreal bakers or pastry shops provided delicacies; a single item mentions making twelve bales of macaroons.

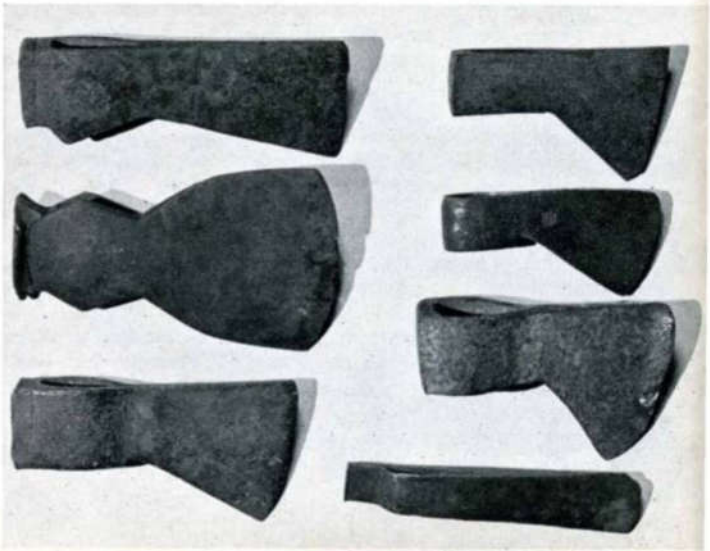
The costume of the voyageurs and canoemen was not as simple as one might expect. The bourgeois in charge of the brigade never missed an opportunity to meet in full regalia the parties of Indian hunters, bringing out a showy uniform, a tall beaver hat with coloured ostrich feathers, belt and ribbons to boot, so as to impress native hosts with the munificence of a new age. Under the heading of costume, on the books, appear many capots, uniforms, shirts, trousers, vests, shoulder belts and embroidered pouches, leggings, beaver hats, blue bonnets, red toques, Assomption sashes, and shoes of plain or fancy varieties. For instance, in Outfit 1799, they paid the Grey Nuns for making Melton capots, sleeves, blankets, leggings, robes, and cotton shirts; and in Outfit 1805 they bought from John Moses fifty men's leather caps.

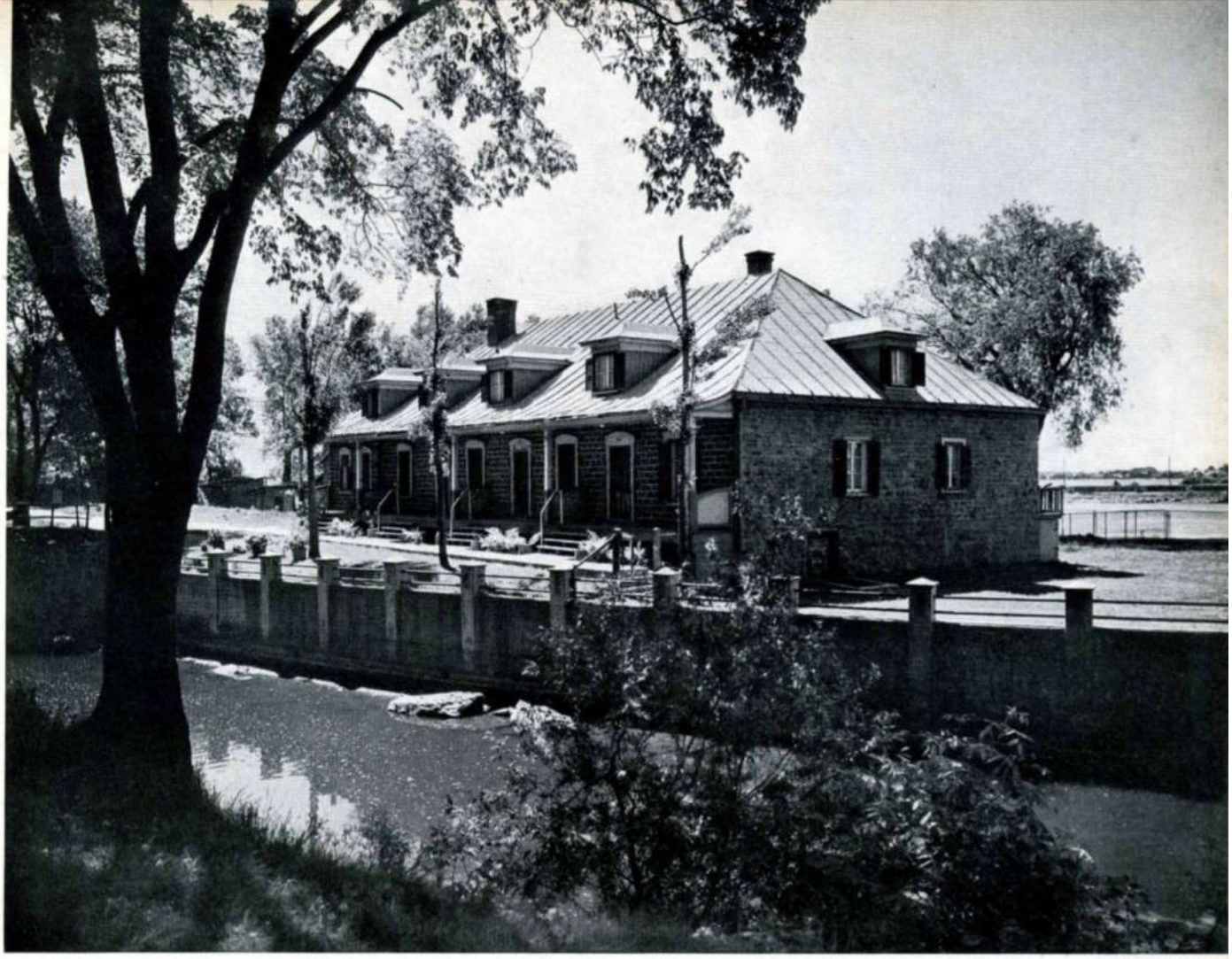
Among the main providers of articles of costume, hats, and shoes were the Grey Nuns of Montreal, Lecuyer and Laneville, Mme. Belland, James Dunlop, and the workers of Berthier (about 50 miles east of Montreal), who excelled in this type of work. These articles varied according to passing fashions, but in the main they were blue Illinois capots, bales of blanket coats, Indian coats, detached sleeves linked together by a braided cord, an immense quantity of garters, Illinois kerchiefs, dozens of linen or cotton trousers, cotton shawls, some of them turkey red, suspenders, etc. Lecuyer and Laneville provided laced capots, lined jackets, corduroy jackets, scarlet vests, hanks of silk, pavilions. Dunlop furnished Beaver Hollands, buttoned coats, hats, ribbons, etc. To this list may be added dozens of blue and red toques, green feathers for chiefs, tufted danglers, mitts, beaver hats and numerous arrow and flame sashes (Assomption sashes). It is astonishing to find that even breech clouts for the natives figured among the rest.

As a "measure of Oeconomy," Governor Simpson, in 1822, directed that an effort be made to provide most of the personnel of the northern branch of the service with clothes cut and sewn at York Factory.

> "We have it in contemplation to make up the Clothes principally at this place and at the English Establishments which I think would reduce the Expense very materially as the labour would actually cost nothing, it being the duty of the Women at the different Posts to do all that is necessary in regard to Needle Work. A good journey-man cutter however is required at this place, as common taylors do not understand turning the cloth to the best account. We have therefore to request that a steady sober man who has been regularly brought up in a wholesale Slop Cutters Shop be sent out next Season to reside constantly in this place."

Axe heads for the fur trade were made in several shapes and sizes, as shown by this group from the Company's museum. Bottom right is an ice chisel, nine inches long.





Preparatory to being sent west in the great canoes, the goods from Canada were stored in this Lachine warehouse of the H B C on the banks of the old canal (foreground). Across the canal from the storehouse stood Hudson's Bay House, residence of Sir George Simpson.

Most of the shoes meant for the voyageurs and canoemen were of local manufacture. They came from the Village des Tanneurs just outside Montreal. N. Roy and Rolland made them or provided them; some of them were called *souliers de Rolland*. Others were known as beef shoes, oxhide shoes, maroquin, Canadian shoes, women's shoes, and booteens (for Indian women); also French *souliers*, shoes for boys, and military shoes.

The birch-bark canoes used so widely by the Northwesters were built at Lachine, Ste. Anne, L'Assomption and Three Rivers. In Outfit 1799, the notary at L'Assomption was paid for 15 North canoes, paddles, and 21 canoe sails, and Jacques Giasson, received 280 francs for two North canoes.

Spruce gum, refined and heated, was a necessity for mending the canoes during the voyage. In Outfit 1799, we find 46 kegs of gum. A large quantity of wattap or split spruce root, strong, pliant and durable, which served in sewing bark, and rolls of birch bark figure in many places.

Ironware, tools and metal utensils were among the principal requirements in the fur trade bought from local sources and they cover much space in the accounts. They included half axes, tomahawks, large axes, crooked knives, beaver traps, blacksmith's bellows, and spears, Montreal broad axes, adzes, saw ribbons, iron rings, screws, elbows, scythes, sickles, augers, compasses, knives large and small, borers, planes, barbs, firesteel, gunflints, assorted carpenters tools, sets of candle moulds, measures, scales, beams, teapots, cannisters, small pewter basins, tin *minerables* (tumblers), japanned tumblers, teapots, small goblets, dishes, candle-holders, taps, cups, and pails.

Other supplies bought in Montreal and neighbourhood included oil, kegs of castorum, caribou and moose skins, prime deer skins, Montreal soap, Windsor soap, cotton wick, spermaceti candles, and "dipt" candles; nets for fishing, pack straps and slings, portage collars, baskets for traps, travelling baskets, new baskets for kettles, sacks, bags, boxes, *sacs de nuit* (night bags), provision bags, shot bags, gun covers, cassettes and coverings, mattresses, barrels of lime, buffalo robes, garden seeds, fiddles, bows and strings.

Going over such lists, covering many years in the first part of the last century, conveys an impression of resourceful craftsmanship that was bound to leave deep traces in the making of a new country. Not only did all these activities create new wealth in currency, but they laid the foundation for home industries that eventually developed. Later they contributed to the growth of Montreal and other eastern centres at a time when Canada was spreading westward and growing into nationhood.

Hauling a cod-trap off Blanc Sablon, on the Strait of Belle Isle.

SUMMER at BLANC SABLON

by R. M. Howell

Before Cartier came, Blanc Sablon was frequented by cod-fishermen. And they have been coming there ever since.

BLANC Sablon (Fine White Sand) is the most easterly settlement in the Dominion of Canada. It is also one of the oldest. Situated on the Strait of Belle Isle, opposite the "fingertip" of Newfoundland, it cannot boast of either a good climate or a safe harbour. Yet fishermen have been coming there to catch and dry cod for over four centuries.

The surrounding country is all white sand and rock, almost destitute of trees, with high hills extending around the settlement. Two islands—Isle au Bois and Greenly—lie to the southwest, but they offer little protection for the scores of fishing schooners which anchor there every summer—sometimes fifty together—seeking the succulent cod.

As long ago as 1534-5, Jacques Cartier, on his first two voyages, called at Blanc Sablon, and noted the dangers to navigation with which fishermen entering the harbour had to contend. At that time, and in later years, Norman and Basque and Breton mariners braved the perils of the Atlantic in their tiny vessels to fish for cod there, and still later Canadians and Frenchmen from New France established fishing posts in the Strait. In 1770, after the conquest of Canada, Captain George Cartwright from England established several posts along the Labrador, and one of them was at Blanc Sablon, where the fishery was operated by Jerseymen. Three years after his arrival, Cartwright had persuaded the Board of Trade and Plantations to issue a proclamation stating that only "subjects of Great Britain and those of the Islands of Guernsey and Jersey are permitted to establish settlements upon the Coast of Labrador," thus excluding fishermen from Canada, Nova Scotia, and the American colonies.

These men from the Channel Islands put up several buildings and wharves on Isle au Bois, constructed of hand-hewn lumber, and their foundations are still to be seen. One of their buildings was even made of stone, and part of it stands today.

As the years went by, various fish-producing concerns sprang up around this area. One company in particular, Job Brothers from England, made Blanc Sablon its headquarters for the curing of cod. They would employ about two hundred men there every summer, and direct shipments would be made by steamer to the fish markets of Europe. In 1929, Job Brothers sold their properties at Blanc Sablon to the Hudson's Bay Company, which has carried on there ever since. Today Blanc Sablon is one of the chief fishing centres in Canada.

To spend a summer at Blanc Sablon is an experience one does not soon forget. Before the fishing season begins, the cod traps—which are boxlike nets—are dyed with bark and mended, and other mooring gear overhauled. Boats are made shipshape, and temporary wharves or "stageheads" set out on the beaches for the splitting and dressing of the cod.

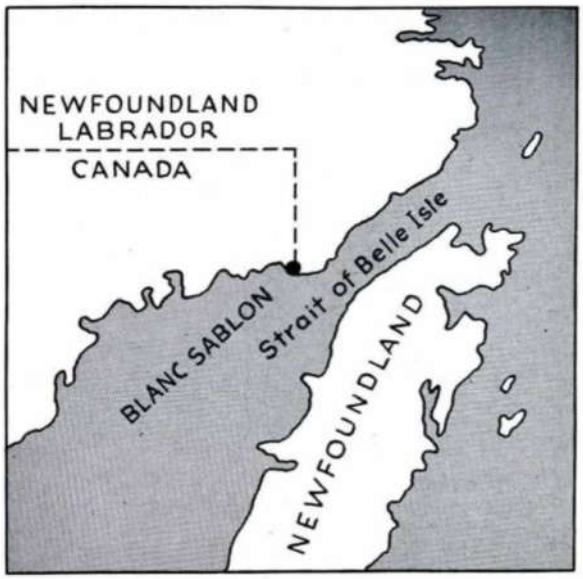
About the second week in June the schooners come from Newfoundland and Halifax, bringing salt to be

used for curing the fish. The salt is very coarse, and is shipped in bulk, measured in hogsheads (52½ imperial gallons per hogshead). Some of the salt is distributed directly from the schooners to the fishermen in the various communities; but as their buildings are small, they cannot store enough for their summer's requirements. The Company therefore stores a considerable quantity for them—sometimes as much as a thousand hogsheads. All the supplies must be freighted to the post wharf by scows from the schooners, and discharged mostly by hand. At the post itself, clerks supply the fishermen from far and near with food, supplies, and the wherewithal for the fishery.

Around the third week in June, fishing schooners make their appearance from different parts of Newfoundland. These are mostly all trawl fishermen, and do their fishing in the Straits. Before very long the harbour will be full of fishing craft, varying in size. They are all well known as they have come here for years and are part of the place. Freight and passenger-steamers arrive from Quebec and Newfoundland to discharge supplies, and more fishing crews arrive for the summer. These fishermen are known as "Planters." They have their homes and fishing premises scattered around various communities, and at the end of the fishing season they sell their fish to the Company and leave for home.

The first sign of cod comes around the end of June, when the "bait" arrives. This bait is not brought in the schooners. It is definitely live bait, and takes the form of a small fish called a capelin, which comes in huge schools, entering every cove and bay and spawning on the beaches. The cod, preying on the capelin, have to come close in shore to get at them, and it is then that the fishermen net them in their huge cod traps.

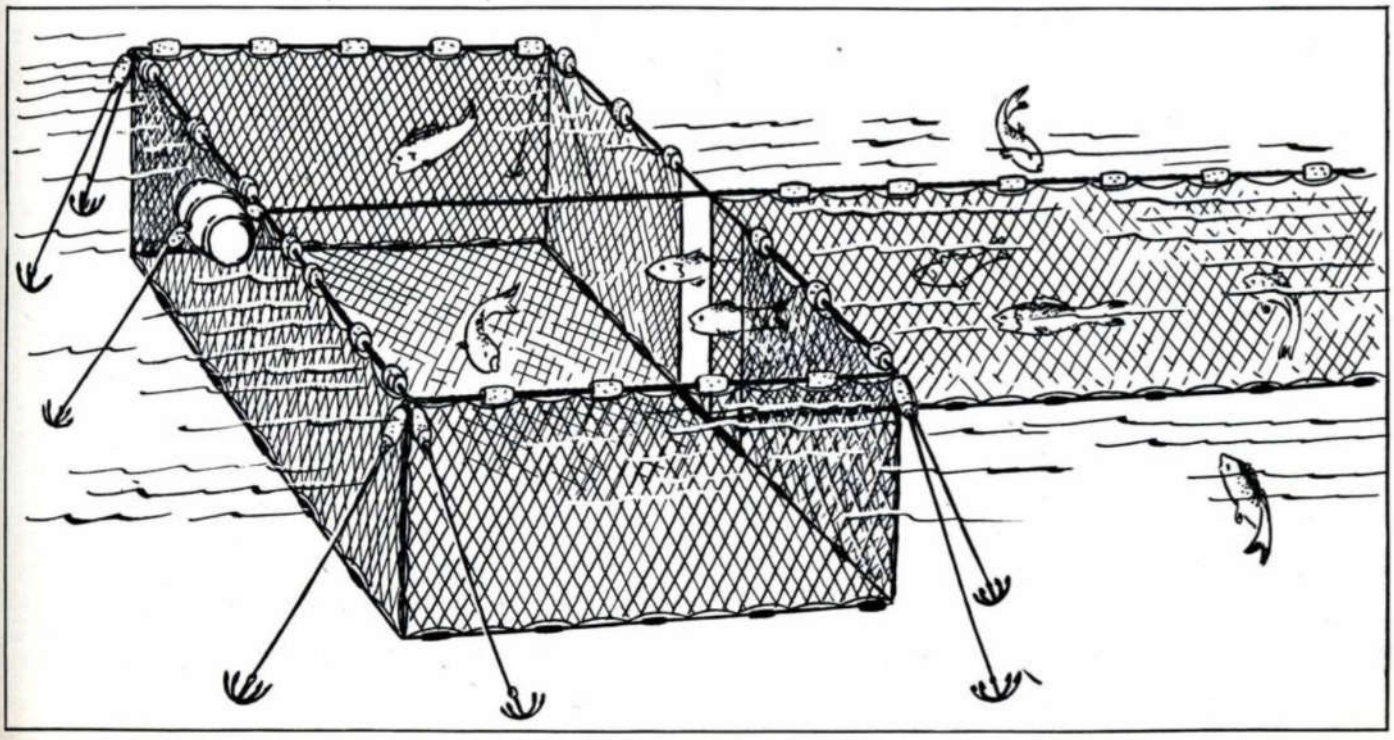
At the first sign of fish, all the fishermen pile their traps in motor boats and await a fair tide to set them. A long net hung vertically, called a leader, is fastened to the shore, extending out to the cod trap. Where it meets the side of the boxlike trap, there are two openings, one on each side of the leader, forming the doorway. At the bottom of the doorway is an iron bar connected to the bottom of the trap. A fish, striking the leader, will turn away from the beach, and swim along the net until he enters the trap, where he will usually remain until the trap is hauled.



Blanc Sablon, P.Q., is the easternmost settlement in Canada.

The hauling of a cod trap is the most interesting thing to watch. One is always anxious for a good catch and hopes are high. Two boats must be used, one at the doorway and the other at one corner, depending on direction of tide. The iron bar at the bottom of the doorway is pulled up to the side of one boat, thus closing the doorway. The bottom net is gradually pulled in and the boat worked toward the corner of the trap. As both boats near each other, a pocket is formed

Diagram of a cod-trap. The fish strike the "leader"—the net that stretches from the trap to the shore—and swim along it until they enter the trap. Actually, the cork floats along the head-ropes, and the keg at the end of the leader rope, are much smaller, and the lines to the grapnels much longer.



As Cartier pointed out, there is no shelter at Blanc Sablon from the south or southeast. Storms sometimes play havoc with the wharves. R.M.H.

and fish can be seen swimming around. Great care must be taken to keep the net up on the boats or otherwise fish will escape over the head ropes of the trap. Very soon large quantities of cod can be seen and the water will be churned up with the mass of tails splashing and white silvery bodies turning and jumping to escape their encirclement. Now dipnets are out and men are busy dipping the fish in boats with water flying everywhere. Boats are loaded down to the water's edge and then headed for the fishing stage for the dressing of the fish.

The fish are then taken out of the boats with fish forks and thrown onto the stage. Next comes the dressing. Each man is an expert in his art. The "cut-throat" does what the name implies. The header is the one who disposes of the head and entrails, saving the liver for oil purposes. He then passes the fish to the splitter, who takes out the sound bone, or backbone, in one quick stroke of his knife. It takes years of experience to become a good splitter, but once the art is mastered, one man can split thirty to forty quintals of fish in a day.

After the splitting, the fish are washed and taken in wheelbarrows to another building, where they are placed on their backs in neat piles, and salted.

This whole process, from the catching to the salting, is carried on all summer until the fishery is over. It is by no means all smooth sailing, for severe storms and great pans of ice play havoc with the traps and the wharves, and there is a constant struggle with the elements. Everyone is busy. Hours are long, from daylight to midnight, and in most cases longer, with only a few hours' sleep. Men, women and children work hard to place the fish under salt. They are at it—heading, splitting, washing and salting—for weeks on end. Their time is limited, for the usual trapping season is only two or three weeks long, and enough fish must be caught to pay expenses and buy food and clothing for the winter months.

Above, right to left: The cut-throat, the header, and the splitter at work. R.M.H.

Below: Split and salted cod drying on the flakes. Some of the yaffles have not yet been spread out.

At the Hudson's Bay post, too, there is continual activity. Boats arrive from all sides for more supplies, and the men are busy night and day. At night, all the stages are lit up with oil lanterns, and the schooners anchored in harbour after their day's fishing are also aglow as they salt away their catches. It is a picturesque sight, with the lights twinkling back and forth, casting their reflections on the dark water.

In a successful fishing season, fishing crews consisting of three to five men will average from one hundred to four hundred quintals of fish. A quintal of dry codfish represents one hundred and twelve pounds. They are not all trap fishermen in this area, for many use hand lines and trawls.

When the fishing is over and crews have all that they can manage to dry and cure, all traps and gear are taken up, dried, and put away for next year's operations. Around the end of August, when fish is under salt long enough to be properly "struck" (hardened by salt), the drying commences.

A fair quantity of fish will be washed and scrubbed, using brushes to get off the slime and impurities of the salt, and stacked in piles to drain. They are generally left in this state from four to six days and everyone hopes for fine weather for drying. Blanc Sablon has about sixty percent fog during the summer months, and it's difficult at times to have fish properly dried.

When a fine day does appear, it is not always suitable for drying "water horse," as newly washed fish is called. Hot sun with no wind will burn the fish, and thus decrease its value. The cod is dried on platforms called flakes, made of lath or wire, and standing about four feet off the ground so as to let the air circulate around them. One by one, the fish are laid on them, and there they remain all day. Before sundown, they are stacked in "yaffles" (as much as will make an armful), then taken up and piled on the ground under tarpaulins. The next dry day they are laid out on the flakes again.

This procedure is repeated day after day until the cod is sufficiently dry and turns white, after which it is placed in a building, to wait there until the whole catch is cured and ready to be shipped.

It is hard labour and one must work quickly while the weather is fine. It is not unusual to see hundreds of quintals of fish out at one time drying when suddenly rain clouds appear and everyone—men, women and children—will be picking up fish and placing them under cover before the rain comes. The drying of the fish will go on as late as October, depending on the catch and weather conditions.

About the post there is lots of other activity, with fishermen coming from nearby settlements in motor boats to sell their dried fish to the Company. They always come together when weather permits, and each man will take his turn, depending on the time of his arrival. They usually help each other to speed up the weighing and storing, for their fish must be all weighed, graded and stored before sunset.

Some years the Company's purchases will exceed 7,000 quintals (nearly 400 tons) of dry fish, and when one considers the amount of handling necessary, it will be seen that a tremendous amount of work is entailed.

After the fish is stored, it still has to be shipped. In shipping about a hundred men are employed. The season is generally late in the fall, with cold and stormy weather setting in. Every fine day counts, as fish cannot be shipped in damp weather. From all the neighbouring settlements, men arrive each morning to help, bringing their lunches in white hunting bags.

All the fish must be weighed and checked out of the Company's buildings. It is taken from the pile in yaffles and thrown from one man to the next, the last placing it on a handbarrow. When the load on the barrow reaches a "draught" (two quintals), it is placed on the scales and checked. The fish are then placed in a wheelbarrow, which when full is wheeled to the wharf, and the contents loaded by hand into scows. Finally the scow, when full, is taken out to the schooner waiting in deep water; and the process is continued until the schooner has a capacity load—between 2,500 and 3,000 quintals. As the last fish to be shipped is apt to be damp, owing to the long storage period, it is usually necessary to reflake and dry part of it before shipping.

It is sometimes late in November before all the cod is shipped. The schooners take it to Halifax, from where it is sent overseas. In peace time it used to be sent to the West Indies, Italy, Spain, and Greece. When at last the Continent is liberated, this cod from Canada will doubtless play its part in feeding the undernourished millions of Europe, some of whose forefathers first dared the Atlantic to establish the fishery of Blanc Sablon.

Above: On a "civil" day in October, Baxter John and his boys arrive at the Hudson's Bay "room" to sell their dried fish. As there is "a rush on," neighbours help them to weigh and store it before sundown. W. C. Newbury.

Below: The author weighs a draught of dried cod on a handbarrow placed on the scales.

SUNSET OVER THE MACKENZIE AT AKLAVIK *R. N. Hourde*

Under Summer Skies

Pictures from Hudson's Bay Posts

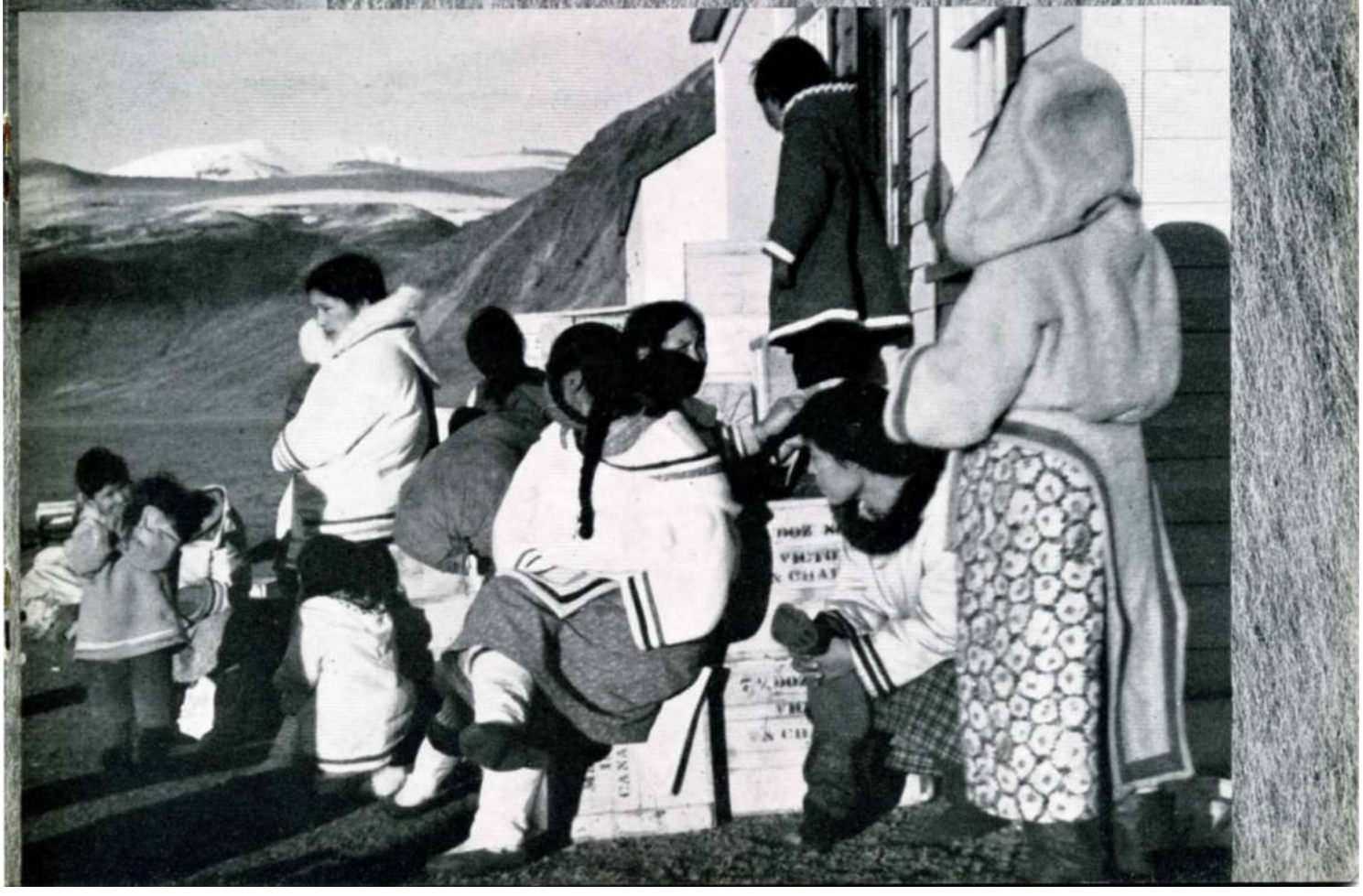
INDIAN FAMILY AT LANSDOWNE HOUSE

C. N. Stephen

A BELLANCA CALLS AT LANSDOWNE HOUSE *C. N. Stephen*

THE *MARGARET A.* AT COPPERMINE — *L. A. Learmonth*

ESKIMOS AT PANGNIRTUNG — *Lorene Squire*



LONDON'S CANADA CLUB

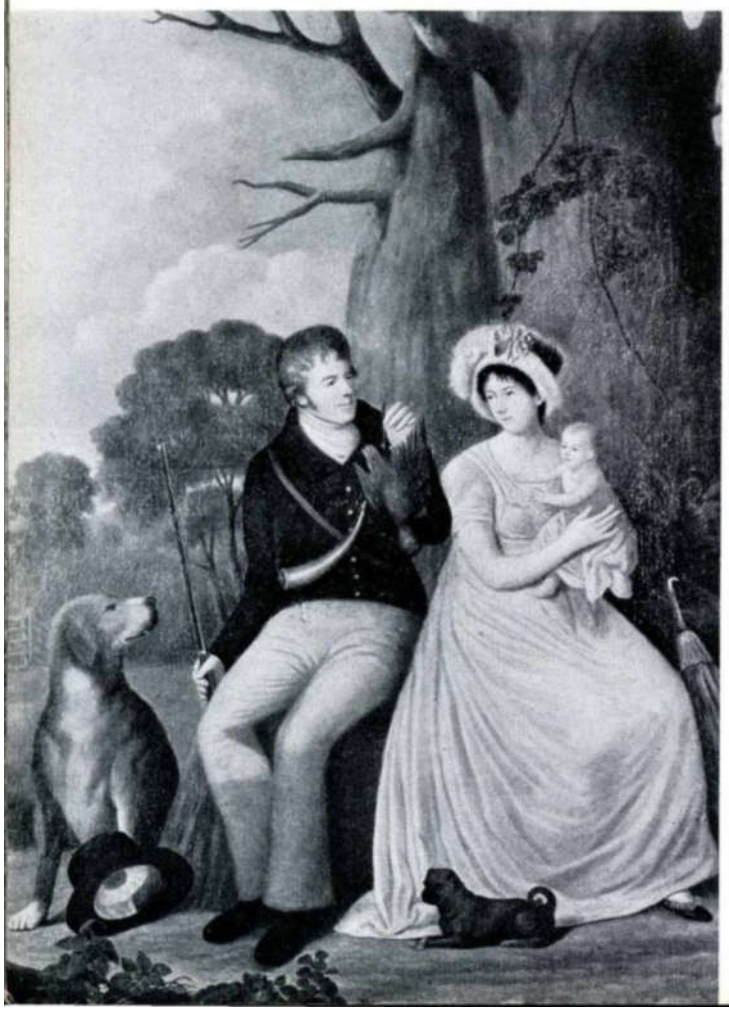
Founded in 1810 by Canadian fur traders, this famous dining club is still going strong.

by Alice M. Johnson

NEXT to the Hudson's Bay Company, the oldest Canadian institution in London is the Canada Club, and to all intents and purposes it still answers to a description applied to it in 1859—"an association of Merchants and others connected with British North America." Since it was placed on a permanent basis in 1810, the club can claim to have held an unbroken succession of three or four meetings annually and to have steadily increased its membership.

It is not known when this famous dining club first came into existence, but even before the decision was taken at the meeting held at the Freemason's Tavern in Great Queen Street, Holborn, on October 20, 1810, to establish it on a more permanent footing, it was already known as the Canada Club, and members had been in the habit of dining together in London during the winter months.

William McGillivray, head of the N. W. Co., and a charter member of the Canada Club, with his family in Montreal. From a painting by Dulongpre in the McCord Museum, McGill University.



The social possibilities of such a club, which presumably grew out of the informal meetings of business associates, are obvious. Subscribers having the undoubted pleasures of entertaining Canadian visitors, hearing the latest news from North America, and exchanging stories of past experiences with old associates, were undisturbed by the presence of any alien interests at the meetings, since these were excluded by the provisions of the second by-law of 1810.

There is reason to believe that this by-law, which stipulated that no gentleman could become a member who had not resided for some time in Canada, was strictly enforced even before the club was put on a permanent basis. By November, 1811, it was considered desirable to admit as honorary members "gentlemen connected with Canada by official situations or extensive mercantile transactions, but who have never resided in that country," thus enabling business associates in London of Canadian interests—for instance, London connections of the North West Company, as well as members of other London houses with Canadian interests—to become eligible for membership. The future of the club was in this way assured; otherwise, quite possibly, it would have ceased to exist as one by one its older members died. Thereafter several more amendments were made to this by-law, until today gentlemen who are British subjects and in addition are Canadian born, or have resided in Canada, or whose profession, calling, business or connection is largely with the Dominion, are eligible for membership. Today, members are either resident or non-resident, and "honorary member" is the term conferred upon such distinguished people as Their Excellencies the Governors-General, prime ministers of the Dominions, and the senior member of the club.

In the early days each member in rotation acted under the rules as vice-chairman, being automatically promoted to the chair at the next dinner, and for that occasion only he bore the title of president. In 1901, a committee was elected, and thereafter a president or chairman was elected by them for each dinner until 1926, when Field-Marshal H.R.H. the Duke of Connaught, whose distinguished career in Canada is too well known to need repetition here, accepted office as the first permanent president.

As against the original twenty-six members in the early years, there are now upward of four hundred, of whom between seventy and eighty are resident in Canada.

The names of the original founders of the club are not known, but bearing in mind the second by-law of 1810, we can safely assume that the originators were residents of the United Kingdom who had formerly lived in that part of the Dominion then known as Canada and men resident in Canada who habitually visited London.

The "original members," so called, who were elected in 1810 or within the next few years were: Thomas Forsyth, Isaac Todd, Simon McGillivray, John Henry,

Alexander Gillespie, George Ratcliffe, William Henderson, William Parker, Henry Usborne, John Gillespie, John Craigie, A. N. McLeod, Adam Lymburner, John Stewart, N. Newberry, Sir Alexander Mackenzie, Robert Gillespie, John Caldwell, John Blackwood (junr.) Hart Logan, William McGillivray, D. McTavish, Edward Ellice, Alex. Auldjo, William Maitland, Angus Shaw.

In addition, George Garden, John Forsyth, George Gillespie, Colonel Pilkington, R.E., and Sir George Pownall, were also considered as "original members" although they are not recorded as such in the minutes of the meeting of October 20, 1810.

Most of these names, if not all of them, were associated with the fur trade of British North America in some way or other, and, what is more, with that part of the fur trade connected with the North West Company. By-law 2 was enough of itself to disqualify anyone belonging to the Hudson's Bay Company from membership in the early years of the nineteenth century. Those on the active or retired list were serving or had served in Ruperts Land—not Canada—and at that time the Company had little or no connection with the two Canadas. The personnel in London were also ineligible for the same reason, and apart from this fact, the bitter and intense rivalry which existed between the Hudson's Bay and North West Companies until the coalition of 1821 was a strong enough barrier of itself to any social contact between members of the two companies. After the coalition and the growth of the Company's activities in Canada, however, officers and connections became eligible for membership.

William McGillivray, Simon McGillivray and Edward Ellice, whose names appear in the above list of "original members" of the Canada Club, were the signatories on behalf of the North West Company to the agreement with the Hudson's Bay Company in 1821, and Ellice became a member of the committee of the united companies in 1824, thus supplying the first definite link between the Company and the Canada Club. It is true that the partners of the firm appointed in 1814 as the Company's agents in Montreal—Messrs. Maitland, Garden & Auldjo—were members of the club, but here the connection was very indirect.

The Canada Club in London served a similar purpose to the Beaver Club in Montreal. The latter club was founded in 1785, but its membership was rendered more exclusive in that at first only men who had passed the test of spending at least one winter in the *pays d'en haut* could qualify for membership. (Cf. *The Beaver*, March, 1936, Clifford P. Wilson, "The Beaver Club," pp. 19 *et seq.*). Both clubs were, however, social organizations whose members could invite distinguished guests to their gatherings. At least eight of the "original members" of the Canada Club had been members of the Beaver Club and both clubs can be said to owe their origins to the North West Company.

The Canada Club benefitted from Confederation and the Surrender of Ruperts Land to the Crown in 1870 in that it had a wider field from which to draw members, but outside the Hudson's Bay Company it was not known to many people in the United Kingdom until much later, indeed until after the opening up of the North West and British Columbia. The extension of the transportation routes has brought about the development and exploitation of the country's natural resources during the last forty years or more, so bringing the Dominion more prominently before the British

Edward ("Bear") Ellice, Sr., who with the McGillivrays signed for the N. W. Co. the deed of co-partnership with the H B C, was another charter member.
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public. As a result the Anglo-Canadian community has greatly increased and the Canada Club has become better known and appreciated for its services to the Dominion. Undoubtedly the most outstanding character of the Hudson's Bay Company at the end of the last century and the beginning of this who was prominently connected with the Canada Club was Donald A. Smith, Baron Strathcona and Mount Royal, G.C. M.G., governor of the Company from 1889 to 1914.

Like the Beaver Club, the Canada Club has never had a permanent home. In the early days of its existence the dinners and special meetings were held at coffee houses and taverns in the city and along the Strand, and for many years from 1830 onwards, two dinners, sometimes called "country dinners," were held during the summer months of each year outside London, the resorts chosen being usually Greenwich, Blackwall or Richmond. Blackwall has long since ceased to be a fashionable dining resort, and the coffee houses and taverns have disappeared to make room for modern London. In the early years of this century the club began to hold their dinners at various restaurants in the West End of London.

There are obvious difficulties in the way of carrying out social activities under existing war conditions, but even so, this club, which has existed since the days of King George III, has always been and will continue to be the centre of Canadian and Anglo-Canadian social and commercial life in the United Kingdom.

Virginia Falls, 316 feet high, on the South Nahanni River, N.W.T., not far from the Yukon border. Discovered in 1928 by Fenley Hunter of Flushing, L.I., these are the second highest in Canada. R.C.A.F.

NORTHERN CATARACTS

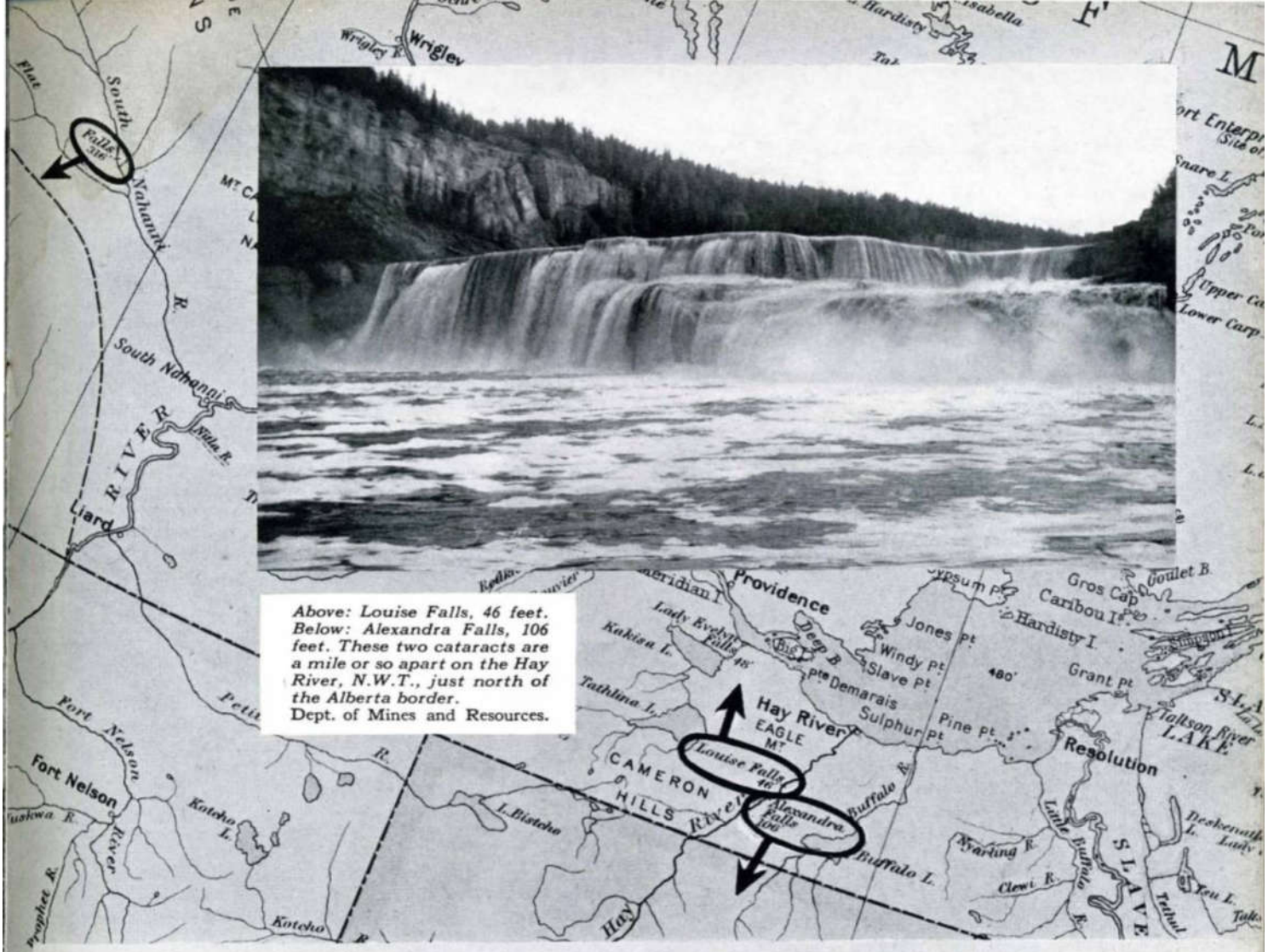
Views of some of the great waterfalls to be found north of 53°

Virginia Falls

THESE, the highest falls in Canada on a river of any size, had never been seen by white men until sixteen years ago, when they were discovered by Fenley Hunter, F.R.G.S., of Flushing, N.Y. Mr. Hunter, who has been a *Beaver* subscriber for many years, has written for this article the following account of his great discovery:

South Nahanni River was unmapped and little known when we tackled it in 1928. It debouches into Liard River about a hundred miles above Fort Simpson. When we left Simpson on July 25, we did not know just where we were going or how far it would be. I had merely agreed to investigate information generously given me by Dr. Charles Camsell regarding an old legend among the Fort Norman Indians that there was a waterfall on South Nahanni which could be heard twenty miles. Only one old-timer at Fort Simpson had any confidence in our getting up the South Nahanni. The skeptics did not know that my Indian canoeman, Albert Dease, a companion on former journeys, had few peers in "reading bad water." Albert had been brought around from Telegraph Creek, B.C., to help master the river which had enjoyed a bad reputation along the Mackenzie for a hundred years. The third man of the crew was George Ball, another old friend from Telegraph Creek.

Nearly half the journey up South Nahanni to the falls was through a series of canyons, so we were able to see but little of the surrounding country. Early on the morning of the twenty-first day, while a gentle breeze was blowing down-stream, the keen ears of my



Above: Louise Falls, 46 feet. Below: Alexandra Falls, 106 feet. These two cataracts are a mile or so apart on the Hay River, N.W.T., just north of the Alberta border.
Dept. of Mines and Resources.

Indian companion detected a different sound of roaring water. Albert turned to me and said, "I hear falls." I believed then, and I believe now, Albert actually had heard the faint rumble of the falls from a distance subsequently determined as sixteen miles. The legend of the Fort Norman Indians had been confirmed.

At last, after ascending that turbulent river for one hundred and twenty-two miles in twenty-four days (we took only 14 hours to descend), we came to the great waterfall which I named Virginia Falls.

Immediately above the falls the river races toward the crest through a natural sluice-box, above which the river is broad and calm as a millpond—the calm before the storm. At the foot of the falls near the left bank stands a gigantic dome of rock about the size of a modern skyscraper, behind which a portion of the river is diverted. This rock serves to increase the volume of spray, mist and roar coming from the falls. To behold that spectacle is abundant reward to the voyageur for the trying moments of his ascent.

The falls I was privileged to name are the highest on a river of any consequence in Canada. Takakkaw Falls in the Rockies (1200 ft.) is produced by only a small stream. By triangulation I found that the perpendicular drop of the river from crest to foot was 315 feet, which is about twice the height of Niagara.

Sixteen years have passed since we poled, dragged, motored, lined and portaged our twenty-foot canoe up the South Nahanni. Now-a-days the region is well known from aerial reconnaisance, which is the "efficient" and relatively easy way to explore a country. But, being old-fashioned, it is my hope that the canyons and occasional open reaches of the river may always remain in their virgin state and that the historical names—alluring terms to the canoeman like "Rapids of the Drowned" and "Hell's Gate"—applied to certain places, be retained.

Grand Falls, Labrador

For over a hundred years, the mighty Grand Falls on the Hamilton River have been known to white men. Yet until the outbreak of the present war, few had ever gazed on them. The description given by John McLean of the Hudson's Bay Company, who discovered them in 1839, still remains the best yet written:

"We thus proceeded gaily on our downward course without meeting any interruption, or experiencing any difficulty in finding our way; when, one evening, the roar of a mighty cataract burst upon our ears, warning us that danger was at hand. We soon reached the spot, which presented to us one of the grandest spectacles in the world, but put an end to all hopes of success in our enterprise.

"About six miles above the fall the river suddenly contracts, from a width of from four hundred to six hundred yards, to about one hundred yards; then rushing along in a continuous foaming rapid, finally contracts to a breadth of about fifty yards, ere it precipitates itself over the rock which forms the fall; when, still roaring and foaming, it continues its maddened course for about a distance of thirty miles, pent up between walls of rock that rise sometimes to the height of three hundred feet on either side. This stupendous fall exceeds in height the Falls of Niagara, but bears no comparison to that sublime object in any other respect, being nearly hidden from the view by the abrupt angle which the rocks form immediately beneath it. If not seen, however, it is felt; such is the extraordinary force with which it tumbles into the abyss underneath, that we felt the solid rock shake under our feet, as we stood two hundred feet above the gulf. A dense cloud of vapour, which can be seen at a great distance in clear weather, hangs over the spot."

A. P. Low, of the Geological Survey of Canada, who visited the falls in 1895, writes that for the last three hundred yards of the rapids just above the final plunge, the river roars along "down a very steep grade, where the confined waters rush in a swirling mass, thrown into enormous, long surging waves, at least twenty feet from crest to hollow, the deafening noise of which completely drowns the heavy boom of the great falls immediately below. After a final great wave, the pent up mass of water is shot down a very steep incline of rock for one hundred feet, where it breaks into a mass of foam and plunges into a circular basin below, the momentum acquired during the first part of the fall being sufficient to carry it well out from the perpendicular wall of rock at the bottom, leaving almost a free passage between the foot of the cliff and the falling water. The total fall from the crest of the incline to the basin below is three hundred and two feet. The Indians believe that the space between the falling water and the rocky wall is occupied by the spirits of two maidens who were accidentally carried over the falls, and who now pass their time in dressing and preparing deer skins. On this account, or more probably because of the feelings of awe inspired by the grandeur of the surroundings and the enormous power displayed in this rush of waters, those who hunt in the vicinity cannot be induced to visit the falls or the canyon below."

The cylindrical basin into which this great cataract plunges is some two hundred yards in diameter and five hundred feet high, where thirty-foot waves dash against the perpendicular walls. Out of this gigantic cauldron the river turns abruptly at right angles and zigzags on its way down Bowdoin Canyon. "The fall of the river," says Low, "from the basin to the mouth of the canyon is two hundred and sixty feet, and as this is accomplished without any heavy drops, the magnitude and grandeur of the rush of water at the bottom of the gorge may be imagined."

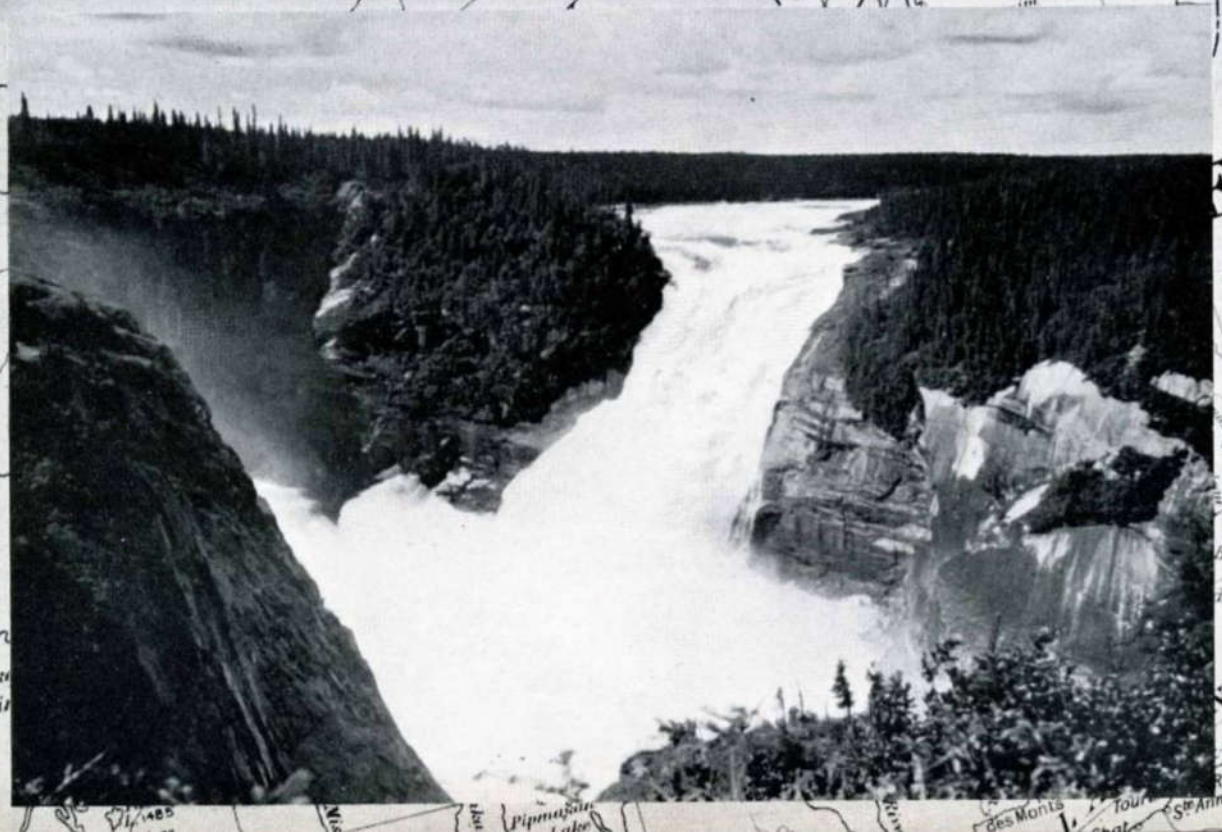
Falls on the Hay River

Alexandra and Louise Falls were discovered by Rev. W. C. Bompas, later Anglican Bishop of Mackenzie River, in 1872. He named them after the Princess of Wales—later Queen Alexandra—and Princess Louise, daughter of Queen Victoria. Bishop Bompas has left us the following description of the larger fall:

"In descending the river, I witnessed its stupendous cataract, which is, I think, one of the wonders of the world. It is a perpendicular fall of about one hundred and fifty feet high [actually 106-109] by five hundred feet wide, and of surpassing beauty. The amber colour of the falling water gives the appearance of golden tresses twined with pearls, while in the spray was a rainbow reaching from the foot of the fall to the rocks far above its brink. We viewed the falls only from its brink, as the access from below is precipitous. I named the cataract the Alexandra Falls. The waterfall which I have described impressed me much more with its beauty than did Niagara."

Two views of Big Falls on the Kaniapiskau River, northern Quebec. Those in the upper picture are lost in the mist on the extreme right of the lower. Beyond the trees is another great cataract. W. J. Mody and C. N. Stephen.

Below: Grand Falls on the Hamilton River, Labrador, make their final plunge of 302 feet. Discovered in 1839 by John McLean of the H B C, but until recently seen by few white men. J. K. Doutt Carnegie Museum



Adventures of Captain James

The third in a series of extracts from rare books in the library of Hudson's Bay House, Winnipeg.

Captain Thomas James, an experienced northern navigator, set out from Bristol in 1631 to discover the North West Passage. His ship was sturdily built of English oak, "of the Burthen of 70 Tun," and he signed on a crew of twenty-two to sail her. The accompanying map shows his route. Hoping to find a passage to the "River of Canada" (the St. Lawrence), he sailed southward through Hudson Bay into the bay that now bears his name, and wintered on an island which he named Charlton. The following extracts are from his book that was published on his return.

Over a century later, the Rev. John Harris, who wrote the history of many a perilous voyage into uncharted seas, said of James's account: "It is very justly looked upon as the very best work of its kind that ever was published, and this in every respect; the Author being a knowing, careful, and experienced Seaman, one who wrote everything as it occurred, and framed the History of his Voyage while it was making, and not after his return Home, from loose Papers, or a bare Sea Journal."

THE 2nd of May 1631, I took my leave of the Worshipful Merchant-Adventurers in this Action, in the City of Bristol; and being accompanied with a Reverend Divine, one Mr. *Thomas Palmer*, and divers of the Merchants, with others of my Kindred and Native Countrymen, I repaired on Board. Here Mr. *Palmer* made a Sermon; exhorting us to continue Brotherly Love amongst us, and to be bold to profess the True *Christian* Religion where ever we should happen, in this our Peregrination. After they had received such Entertainment as my Estate could afford them, they departed for *Bristol*.

Entering Hudson Strait

In this Course, we were much tormented, pestered and beaten with the Ice, many pieces being higher than our Top-Mast-head. In our way, we saw many Grampusses amongst the Ice, and it seemeth the Sea is full of them; The Weather for the most part, a stinking Fog, and the Sea very black; which I conceive to be occasioned by reason of the Fog.

. . . . .

The Fog was of such a piercing nature, that it spoiled all our Compasses, and made them flag, and so heavy withall, that they would not traverse. Wherefore I would advise any, that shall Sail this way hereafter, to provide Compasses of *Muscovia* Glass, or some other matter that will endure the moisture of the Weather. As the Fog cleared up, we could see the entrance of the Straight to be all full of Ice close thronged together. Endeavouring to go forward, we were fast enclosed amongst it; and so drove to and again with it, finding no ground at 230 Fathom, four Leagues from the Shore.

The 20th in the Morning, we had got about the Southern Point of the Island [Resolution]; and the Wind came up at West, and drove both us and the Ice upon the shore. When we were driven within two Leagues of the Shore, we came amongst the most strangest Whirlings of the Sea that Possibly can be conceived: There were divers great pieces of Ice aground in 40 Fathom Water, and the Ebb coming out of the broken Grounds of the Island, amongst these Isles of Ice, made such a distraction, that we were carried round, sometimes close by the Rocks, sometimes close by those high pieces, that we were afraid they would fall upon us. We were so beaten like wise with the encountring of the Ice, that we were in a most desperate Estate. We made fast two great pieces of Ice to our sides, with our Kedger and Grapnels, that drew nine or ten Fathom, that so they might be a-ground before us, if so be we were driven on the Shore. But that design failed us; and now from the top seeing in amongst the Rocks, I sent the Boat (for now we had finished [building] her) to see if she could find some place of Security; but she was no sooner parted, but she was inclosed, and driven to hale up on the Ice, or else she had been crushed to pieces. They ran her over the Ice from piece to piece; and in the mean space, with the whirling and incountring of the Ice, the two pieces brake away from our sides, and carried away our Kedger and Grapnels: Then we made signs to the Boat, to make all the haste she could to us, which she perceiving, did; the Men being with much difficulty inforced to hale her over many pieces of Ice. In the mean space, we made some sail, and got to that piece of Ice, that had our Grapnel on it, which we again recovered. By this time, was our Boat come; and we put a fresh Crew into her, and sent her to fetch our Kedger, which she endeavoured with much danger of Boat and Men. By this time, the Ship was driven so near the Shore, that we could see the Rocks under us and about us; and we should be carried with the Whirlings of the Waters, close by the Points of Rocks, and then round about back again; and all this, notwithstanding the sail we had abroad; that we expected continually when she would be beaten to pieces. In this extremity, I made them to open more Sail, and to force her in amongst the Rocks and broken Grounds, and where there was many great pieces of Ice a-ground. We went over Rocks, that had but 12 or 13 foot Water on them; and so let fall an Anchor. This Anchor had never been able to wind up the Ship, but that (by good fortune) the Ship ran against a great piece of Ice that was a-ground. This Rush, brake the main Knee of her Beak-head, and a corner of it tore away four of our Main-Shrouds, and an Anchor that we had at the Bowe, fastened into it, and so stopt her way, that she did wind up to her Anchor. We saw the sharp Rocks under

us, and about us; and had but 15 foot Water; being also in the sides way, where all the Ice would drive upon us: Our Boat we could not see, which made us doubt she had been crushed to pieces. In her, was the third part of our Company; but by and by we saw her come about a point amongst the Rocks. She had recovered our Kedger; which made us some thing joyful: With all speed we laid out Hawsers to the Rocks, and every one did work to the best of his strength, to Warp her out of this dangerous place, to the Rocks side; where we had three fathom Water, and were under the shelter of a great piece of Ice that was a-ground, which should keep off the Ice, that other wise would have driven upon us. Here we lay very well all the Ebb; but when the Flood came, we were assaulted with pieces of Ice, that every half hour put us into despairable distress. We did work continually, and extreamly, to keep off the Ice. At full Sea, our great piece of Ice (which was our Buckler) was a-float; and do what we could, got away from us, and left us in a most eminent danger, by reason of the Ice that drove in upon us. But the Ebb being once made, this great piece of Ice came again a-ground very favourable to us, and sheltered us all the rest of the Ebb. All Night

Title page of Captain James's account of his voyage into Hudson Bay. The edition in Hudson's Bay House is part of the second volume of an old set, the first page being numbered 480.

Captain *THOMAS JAMES*'s

STRANGE and DANGEROUS

VOYAGE

In his intended Discovery of the

North-West Passage

INTO THE

SOUTH SEA:

In the Years 1631. and 1632.

Wherein the MISERIES Indured, Both
GOING, WINTERING, RETURNING,

And the RARITIES Observed, both
PHILOSOPHICAL and *MATHEMATICAL*,
Are Related at Large.

Published by His Majesties Command.

To which are added,
A PLAT or CARD for the Sailing in those Seas.

ALSO,
Divers little TABLES of the AUTHOR's,
Of the Variation of the Compass, &c.

WITH
An *APPENDIX* concerning LONGITUDE,
By Mr. *Henry Gellibrand*, Astronomy Reader of *Gresham* College, *London*.

AND
An *Advice* concerning the Philosophy of these late Discoveries,
By *W. W.*

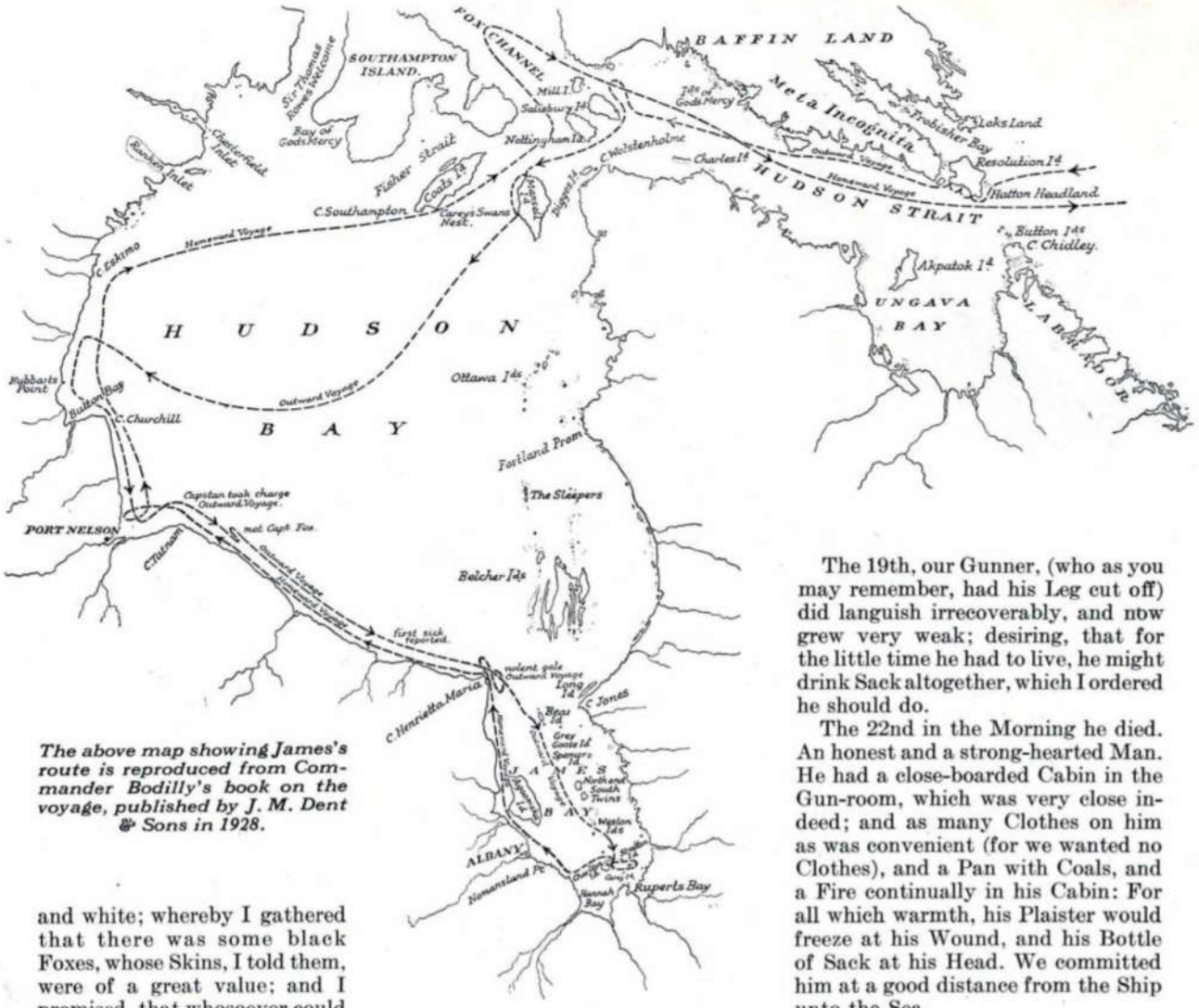
we wrought hard, to shift our Cables and Hawsers; and to make them fast aloft on the Rocks, that the Ice might the better pass under them. All Day and all Night it Snow'd hard, and blew a very Storm at West, which drove in all the Ice out of the Sea upon us. In working against the violence of the Ice, the Flooke of our Kedger was broken, two Arms of our Grapnels, and two Hawsers, our Shallop being again very much bruised.

Off Port Nelson

The 20th [of August], at six in the Morning, we saw the Land, it being a very low flat Land. We stood into five Fathoms, to make it the better, and so stood alongst it. At Noon we were in Latitude 57.00. We named it, *The New Principality of South Wales*, and drank a Health in the best Liquor we had to Prince *Charles* his Highness [later Charles II], whom God preserve. We stood alongst it, and came to a Point [Cape Tatnam] where it trends to the Southward; near to which Point, there are two small Islands. In the Evening it was Calm, and we came to an Anchor. The Tide set as aforesaid. There we rid all that Night, and the next day, by reason the Wind was contrary. There went a chopping short Sea; and the Ship did labour at it exceedingly leaping in Spreetsail-yard, Forecastle, and all; for as yet we had not trimmed her well, to ride. About nine at Night, it was very dark, and it did blow hard. We did perceive by the Lead, the Ship did drive; wherefore bringing the Cable to Capstang, to heave in our Cable, (for we did think we had lost our Anchor) the Anchor hitcht again, and upon the chopping of a Sea, threw the Men from the Capstang. A small rope in the dark, had gotten foul about the Cable, and about the Masters Leg too; but with the help of God he did clear himself, though not without sore bruising. The two Mates were Hurt; the one in the Head, the other in the Arm. One of our lustiest Men was strucken on the Breast with a Bar, that he lay sprawling for life; another had his Head betwixt the Cable, and hardly escaped. The rest were flung where they were sore bruised; But our Gunner (an honest and a diligent Man) had his Leg taken betwixt the Cable and the Capstang, which wrung off his Foot, and tare all the flesh off his Leg and crushed the Bone to pieces, and sorely withall bruised all his whole Body; in which miserable manner he remained crying till we had recovered our selves, our memory and strengths to clear him. Whilst we were putting him and the rest down to the Chirurgeon, the Ship drove into shoalde Water, which put us all in fear; we being so sorely weakened by this blow, which had hurt eight of our Men. It pleased God, that the Anchor held again; and she rid it out all Night. By Midnight, the Chirurgeon had taken off the Gunner's Leg at the Gartering place, and drest the others that were hurt and bruised; after which we comforted each other as well as we could.

After coasting along the great sweep of the shoreline between Cape Tatnam and Cape Henrietta Maria, which Captain James named after his Queen, he entered the great bay which now bears his own name. He decided to winter on Charlton Island and in October sent men ashore to build some houses.

I urged the Men to make traps to catch Foxes, for we did daily see many. Some of them were pied, black



The above map showing James's route is reproduced from Commander Bodilly's book on the voyage, published by J. M. Dent & Sons in 1928.

and white; whereby I gathered that there was some black Foxes, whose Skins, I told them, were of a great value; and I promised, that whosoever could taken one of them, should have the Skin for his Reward: Hereupon, they made divers Traps, and waded in the Snow (which was very deep) to place them in the Woods.

The 12th [of November], our House took fire, but we soon quenched it. We were fain to keep an extraordinary fire Night and Day; and this Accident made me order a watch to look to it continually; seeing, that if our House and Clothing should be burnt, that all we were but in a woeful Condition. I lay ashore till the 17th, all which time our Miseries did increase. It did Snow and Freeze most extremely. At which time, we looking from the Shore towards the Ship, she did look like a piece of Ice in the fashion of a Ship, or a Ship resembling a piece of Ice. The Snow was all frozen about her, and all her fore-part firm Ice, and so was she on both sides also. Our Cables froze in the Hawse, wonderful to behold. I got me aboard, where the long Nights I spent, with tormenting Cogitations; and in the Day time, I could not see any hope of Saving the Ship. This I was assured of, that it was most impossible to endure these Extremities long. Every Day the Men must beat the Ice off the Cables; while some within board, with the Carpenters long Calking Iron, did dig the Ice out of the Hawses; in which work, the Water would freeze on their Clothes and Hands, and would so Benumb them, that they could hardly get into the Ship, without being heav'd in with a Rope.

The 19th, our Gunner, (who as you may remember, had his Leg cut off) did languish irrecoverably, and now grew very weak; desiring, that for the little time he had to live, he might drink Sack altogether, which I ordered he should do.

The 22nd in the Morning he died. An honest and a strong-hearted Man. He had a close-boarded Cabin in the Gun-room, which was very close indeed; and as many Clothes on him as was convenient (for we wanted no Clothes), and a Pan with Coals, and a Fire continually in his Cabin: For all which warmth, his Plaister would freeze at his Wound, and his Bottle of Sack at his Head. We committed him at a good distance from the Ship unto the Sea.

The 26th, in the Morning-Tide, our Ship did not float, whereby we had some quietness. After Prayers, I called a Consultation of the Master, my Lieutenant, the Mates, Carpenter, and Boatswain; to whom I proposed, that now we were put to our last Shifts, and therefore they should tell me what they thought of it: Namely, whether it were not best, to carry all our Provision ashore; and that when the Wind should come Northerly, it were not safest to draw her further off, and sink her. After many Reasonings they allowed of my purpose, and so I communicated it to the Company, who all willingly agreed to it. And so we fell to getting up of our Provisions; first our Bread, of which we landed this Day two Dry-Fats with a Hogshead of Beef; having much ado to set the Boat thorow the thick congealed Water. In the Evening, the Wind came up at N.E. and E. and fill'd the Bay choakfull of Ice.

. . . . .

By seven a Clock [Nov. 29th], it blew a Storm at N.W. our bitter Enemy. The Ship was already Bedded some two Foot in the Sand, and whilst that was a flowing, she must Beat. This I before had in my Consideration; for I thought she was so far driven up, that we should never get her off. Yet we had been so ferrited by her last beating, that I resolved to sink her right down, rather than run that hazard. By nine a Clock, she began to rowl in her Dock, with a most

extra-ordinary great Sea that was come; which I found to be occasioned by the forementioned Overfall. And this was the fatal Hour that put us to our Wits end. Wherefore I went down in Hold with the Carpenter, and took his Auger and bored a hole in the Ship, and let in the Water. Thus with all speed, we began to cut out other places, to bore thorow, but every place was full of Nails. By ten, notwithstanding, the lower Tire was covered with Water; for all which, she began so to beat in her Dock, more and more, that we could not work, nor stand to do any thing in her: Nor would she sink so fast as we would have her, but continued beating double blows; first abaft, and then before, that it was wonderful, how she could endure a quarter of an hour with it. By twelve a Clock, her lower Tire rose; and that did so counterbeat on the inside, that it beat the bulk-heads of the Bread-Room, Powder-Room, and Fore-piece, all to pieces; and when it came betwixt Decks, the Chests fled wildly about, and the Water did flash and fly wonderfully; so that now we expected every Minute when the Ship would open and break to pieces. At one a Clock she beat off her Rudder, and that was gone we knew not which way. Thus she continued beating till three a Clock; and then the Sea came up on the Upper-Deck, and soon after, she began to settle. In her, we were fain to Sink the most part of our Bedding and Clothes; and the Chirurgeons Chest with the rest. Our Men that were ashore, stood looking upon us, almost dead with Cold, and Sorrows to see our Misery and their own. We look'd upon them again; and both upon each other with woeful Hearts. Dark Night drew on, and I bade the Boat to be haled up, and commanded my loving Companions to go all into her; who, (in some refusing Compliments) expressed their faithful Affections to me, as loth to part from me. I told them, that my meaning was to go ashore with them. And thus, lastly, I forsook the Ship.

We were 17 poor Souls now in the Boat; and we now imagined, That *we were leapt out of the Frying-Pan into the Fire:* The Ebb was made, and the Water extraordinary thick congealed with Snow; so that we thought assuredly, it would carry us away into the Sea. We thereupon double-Man'd four Oars, appointing four more to sit ready with Oars; and so with the help of God we got to the Shore, halling up the Boat after us.

There follows a detailed account of "Our Wintering at Winter's Forest" on Charlton Island. Their Mansion House, as James calls it, was about 20 feet square, and there was also a cook-house and a store-house. They passed the long winter miserably enough, with much sickness.

This evening being *May* Even, [April 30, 1632] we returned late from our Work to our House, and made a good Fire, and chose Ladies, and did ceremoniously wear their Names in our Caps, endeavouring to revive our selves by any means. And because you hear us in this Merry Humour, I will make known to you what good Cheer we kept at *Christmas* and *Easter;* and how we had Dieted our selves all the Winter.

At our coming forth of *England*, we were stored with all sort of Sea Provisions; as Beef, Pork, Fish, *&c.* but now that we had little hope of refreshing, our Cook did order it in this manner.

The Beef which was to serve on *Sunday* Night to Supper, he did Boil on *Saturday* Night, in a Kettle full of Water, with a Quart of Oat-Meal, about an Hour: Then taking the Beef out, he Boiled the rest till it came to half the quantity; and this we called Porridge; which with Bread we did Eat, as hot as we could; and after this we had our ordinary of Fish. *Sunday* Dinner, we had Pork and Pease; and at Night the former Boiled Beef made more Porridge. In this manner, our *Tuesday's* Beef was Boiled on the *Monday* Nights; and the *Thursday's* upon the *Wednesday*. And thus all the Week (except *Friday* night) we had some warm thing in our Bellies every Supper. And (surely) this did us a great deal of good. But soon after *Christmas*, many of us fell sick, and had sore Mouths, and could neither eat Beef, Pork, Fish, nor Porridge. Their Diet was only this: They would Pound Bread, or Oatmeal in a Mortar, to Meal; then fry it in a Frying-Pan, with a little Oil, and so Eat it. Some would Boil Pease to a soft paste, and feed as well as they could upon that. For the most part of the Winter, Water was our Drink. In

Moonrise (actually) over the Company's depot on Charlton Island. Lorene Squire.

the whole Winter, we took not above a dozen Foxes; many of which would be dead in the Traps, two or three days, oftentimes; and then when the Blood was settled, they would be unwholesome. But if we took one alive, that had not been long in the Trap, him we Boiled, and made Broth for the weakest sick Men of him; the Flesh of it being soft Boiled they did Eat also.

We had three sorts of sick Men. Those that could not move nor turn themselves in their Beds, who must be tended like an Infant. Others that were as it were Cripled with Scurvy Aches. And others lastly, that were something Better: Most of all had Sore Mouths. You may now ask me, How these infirm Men could work? I will tell you. Our Surgeon (who was diligent, and a sweet-conditioned Man as ever I saw) would be up betimes in the Mornings; and whilst he did pick their Teeth, and cut away the dead Flesh from their Gums, they would Bathe their own Thighs, Knees, and Legs. The manner whereof was this: There was no Trees, Buds, nor Herb, but we made trial of it; And this being first boiled in a Kettle, and then put in a small Tub, and Bason, they put it under them, and covered themselves with Cloathes upon it: This would so mollifie the grieved Parts, that although, when they did rise out of their Beds, they would be so Crippled, that they could scarce stand; yet after this done half an hour, they would be able to go, (and must go) to Wood, thorow the Snow, to the Ship, and about their other Business. By Night, they would be as bad again; and then they must be Bathed, Anointed, and their Mouthes again drest, before they went to Bed. And with this Diet, and in this manner, did we go thorow our Miseries.

I ever doubted, that we should be weakest in the Spring; and therefore had I reserved a Tun of Alegant Wine unto this time. Of this, by putting seven parts of Water, to one of Wine, we made some weak Beverage; which (by reason that the Wine by being frozen, had lost his Virtue) was little better than Water. The Sicker sort had a Pint of Alegant a day, by it self; and of such poor *Aqua Vitae* too, as we had, they had a little Dram allowed them next their Hearts every Morning; and thus we made the best use of what we had, according to the Seasons.

Then began the long task of fitting out the ship again for the voyage home to England. One of the men died on May 6th and the carpenter on the 18th. The same day they discovered the corpse of the gunner, frozen fast in the ice. All three were buried together on a hilltop.

The 29th [of May], being Prince *Charles* his [second] Birth-Day, we kept Holy-day, and display'd his Majesty's Colours, both a-land and aboard; and named our Habitation, *Charles Town*, by Contraction *Charlton;* and the Island, *Charlton Island*.

On July 2nd, they weighed anchor and sailed for home, but not before they had performed the ceremony of taking possession of the country in the name of King Charles:

Whereas I had formerly cut down a very high Tree, and made a Cross of it, to it I now fastened (uppermost) the King's and Queen's Majesties Pictures, drawn to the Life, and doubly wrapt in Lead, and so close, that no Weather could hurt them. Betwixt both these I affixed his Majesties Royal Titles; *viz.* Charles *the First, King of* England, Scotland, France, *and* Ireland; *As also of* New-found-land, *and of these Territories: And to the Westward, as far as* Nova Albion; *And to the Northward, to the Latitude of* 80 *Degrees*, &c.

On the out-side of the Lead, I fastened a Shilling and a Six-Pence of his Majesty's Coin; under that, we fastened the King's Arms fairly cut in Lead; and under that, the Arms of the City of *Bristol*. And this being *Mid-Summer-Day*, we raised it on the top of the bare Hill, where we had Buried our dead Fellows; formally by this Ceremony taking possession of these Territories to his Majesties Use.

On the voyage home they passed inside Akimiski Island and followed the west coast of James and Hudson Bays as far as Eskimo Point. Here they turned eastward and set a course for Hudson Strait. On August 24th they sighted Nottingham Island. James was still looking for the northwest passage, so instead of keeping his course for home, he swung the ship about and sailed up Foxe Channel in a northwesterly direction. Two days later, he found ice all about the ship, and as the season was getting late, he decided to put her about and sail back to England. Finally on October 22nd, 1632, the gallant little ship and her gallant crew came home into Bristol harbour.

Black duck winging over the beaches of Charlton Island. Lorene Squire.

SOUTA the SIOUX

by Annie Ironside Cowan

WHEN the first white settlers came to the prairies, a lot of their rough work was done for them by the Indian women. It was the squaws who dug the gardens, scrubbed the floors and did the washing. The white families on the Portage la Prairie plains each had their special Indian woman for work, as white servants were not to be had. One day, when I was a little girl, our squaw, a Sioux Indian named Souta, which means "strong," dug most of our big vegetable garden. Next morning, however, she did not turn up till eleven o'clock, when she resumed her heavy work after driving over eight miles in her cart drawn by what she called her "brue" pony—a little slate-blue shaganappi. Before she came to the house for her dinner at noon, she called me out and took me to her cart parked by the side of the road. In a bed of hay on the bottom of the cart lay a tiny brown baby, laced up in its beaded moss bag. Souta smiled adoringly down on it—her new papoose, born that morning!

Souta was a handsome and dignified looking squaw, a huge woman with jet black eyes full of lazy humour alternating with a brooding memory in their furtive depths—eyes that had looked on the terrible Minnesota massacre, after which the Sioux escaped to Canada. Many a tale Souta told of the horrors of that uprising: how she had saved the life of the white woman for whom she worked, and how a Sioux squaw had murdered six white babies.

Souta weighed about 250 pounds, a majestic woman with thick, straight black hair in two great braids. She was deep copper coloured, with a broad face and high nose, her wonderful skin burnished and oily, and her tremendous mouth full of teeth like big ivory blocks beautifully set behind her mobile lips. To see her, in her scarlet tartan shawl, seated on a buffalo robe on the kitchen floor eating stewed beef and hominy out of the biggest kitchen spoon was a sight never to be forgotten by me. We were great friends, and she always called me "Aunnie" in her soft guttural voice.

Souta was a most romantic and helpless sentimentalist where her affections were concerned. Her man was a heartless and amorous young buck, and she adored him. But one day he went too far. He set up a tent near Souta's teepee with another squaw. Then it became evident that the tender passion had the same reactions in the red Indian breast that it has in the whitest Canadian. Souta loved her man desperately. She humbled herself before her lord and promised him that, if he would only return to her, she would give him "good mangee" all the time. She promised him all the devotion that a woman ever promised her lover, but, to put it tersely, he wasn't "having any." In order to convince her of that fact, he knocked her down with his big club. (Souta gave me in pantomine the exact size of the stars of the firmament she saw on that occasion.)

When she came to, she drew out her big gleaming butcher knife, which she wore tucked in the shawl tied around the vast expanse of her waist-line. She went to the tent of her rival, and presently down the road ran a shrieking squaw, with Souta thundering close behind her, striking at her with the terrible knife. She was badly cut and bleeding freely when, as they passed the door of a little shack, three men rushed out and saved her life.

Souta never wept, but her eyes became sombre and bloodshot when she spoke of her wrongs and told me what she had done to her rival: '*Aunnie, mea day koshtaka, cheetchah.*" A world of scorn lay in those words, "I struck her, the bad one."

After a long time, Souta and her man made it up. Years after, when I last saw this grand woman, she lay dying in her teepee far out on the plain. Ropes of fat muskrat hung from the tent poles waiting to be skinned, and there on the floor beside the smoky fire, in the middle of the teepee sat her lord, eating the "good mangee" that friends had brought to the sick squaw.

True love never dies; you can't kill it with a club!

The Post-War Promise

An experienced north-woods traveller describes some of the new foods, textiles, and plastics which will be acceptable in the post-war North.

by Calvin Rutstrum

THE post-war period has captured the imagination of millions, and many of us are plunging head first off the end of conjecture. The promise lurking behind the veil of wartime production and new basic materials carries for life in the North so attractive an outlook that the post-war northern planner might easily be carried away on a flood of crack-pot theories. A host of new publications, along with the old, depicting the "plastic age," the "synthetic age," and other eras to come, carry a million dollars' worth of abstract advertising, with nothing to sell except the rosy promise of things to come.

In order to formulate something concrete and workable about the new materials that will be available to travellers in the North after the war, letters of enquiry were sent to enterprising manufacturers. They brought bland, polite but uninforming answers. The industrialists, it was plain to see, were poised on the mark, ready to go, but with no desire to tip their satchel of trade secrets out on the floor.

But the fundamentals are here. We have the bone, and from that basis we can, in part, construct the theoretical post-war skeleton. Undoubtedly, the backbone lies in what has gone in to supply the equipment for our armed forces. These firms who seem to toss money around for post-war advertising with wild abandon are doing it, you can be sure, with a fairly comprehensive notion of what they can do for civilian consumption, once again they feel the refreshing air of the open commercial road.

Treating the subject broadly, the chief changes that will be noticeable in post-war northern materials fall under three headings—foods, textiles, and plastics.

Foods for the traveller will be chiefly dehydrated. B. E. Proctor, director of subsistence and packaging research, office of quartermaster, U.S. Army, tells us right at the start that in the dehydration of foods "perfection has not been obtained." And, of course, when he speaks of perfection, he is making a compari-

Some of the new condensed and dehydrated foods now being sent out to the Company's fur trade posts.

son of the dehydrated product with the raw natural article. Natural foods, he thinks, will never be replaced with the dehydrated kinds. But he does not underrate the value of dehydrated foods, and he points eagerly to the progress made since the war.

For a scientific understanding of modern dehydration, we must not confuse it with drying, or an earlier process of dehydrating. Far-reaching research into the mysteries of vitamins, an increased knowledge of enzymes, dynamics of fluid or air mechanics, control of humidity and temperature, heat transfer, and the preparation and after-care of the dehydrated products has dispelled any notions we might have had about earlier "dehydrated" or dried foods.

In Canada and the United States in 1943, over five hundred million pounds of beets, carrots, onions, sweet potatoes, white potatoes (diced and julienne), white potatoes (pre-cooked), rutabagas, hominy, cranberries, cherries, apricots, peaches, apples, orange juice, lemon juice, green beans, yellow peas, navy beans, whole eggs, whole milk, skim milk solids, beef, pork, cornbeef hash, cocoa beverage powder, coffee, and baked beans came from our dehydrating plants. Many of these items may seem familiar, but improvements in the process have brought surprising results. The day when many of these items in dehydrated form tasted like medicine and became only more tough and obstinate with prolonged cooking is well in the limbo of the past.

The pre-cooked white potato mentioned in the list was to me the greatest revelation of all. Those who have travelled light in the North, using rice and other substitutes for the potato, will appreciate a powdered white potato which now exists and which makes a very good mashed potato, with less fuss even than cooking rice. But I think even more important to the people in remote places is the advent of powdered orange juice. Curiously, the process for making blood plasma led to the satisfactory dehydrating of citrus juices. Vitamin C, so necessary to health and contained in oranges and other citrus fruits as the best available source, has been a serious deficiency in many north country diets. It need be no longer. The simple addition of water to the resulting orange powder supplies orange juice with an adequate vitamin C content without fuss; and when this item is available for civilian use, no person should go into remote places without it.

In the earlier experience with dehydrated foods, it was thought that, once foods were dehydrated, they had become stable and needed little protection. This idea has been chucked away with great profit. When people of the North get the post-war dehydrated foods, such foods, it has been indicated, will come in plastic, waxed fibre, and asphalt-treated containers, attractively packed to go and keep most anywhere. What is more, the exclusion of all air pockets has increased the keeping qualities of these foods, and the hydraulic press has thus come in for the packing process. Probably we will be amazed at the reduced size of a ration of dehydrated food and the amount of water it will absorb in recreating its former self.

The new textiles will closely affect life in the North. Synthetic materials, as well as combinations of natural and synthetic materials, will go a long way toward making life more pleasant.

When the commercial synthetic thread of Nylon and other synthetic fibres are formed, much the same thing happens as when a spider spins its web. The uniformly coloured Nylon polymer extruded mechanically through a single hole spinneret falls into cold

Believe it or not, the purpose of this picture is to illustrate a poncho-type raincoat waterproofed with a new plastic known as Saflex. Monsanto Chemical Co.

water and solidifies into a monofilament. It is stretched several times its length when passing through a heated trough, causing the long-chain Nylon molecules to line up in parallel, which imparts to it high strength and elasticity. Emphasis should be laid on the strength of the newer products, since they are, indeed, extraordinary.

Thus, cloth, fish lines, rope, nets, etc., of a superior quality are readily made synthetically from a liquid, and not confined to such natural fibres as cotton, wool, flax, sisal, etc. But we find the greatest achievement in the combinations of synthetic resins and our natural fibres. These combinations are a part of our military equipment at this time, and are not vague promises. After the war we will have tents that are able to withstand the onslaught of the most spirit-drenching downpours without the traditional trickle experienced through natural fabrics, and which will require little or no drying when packed for the trail.

Thus, we may look for improved slickers, ground cloths, packsacks, food bags, personal clothing, and many other items which will protect man and equipment against the rigours of northern weather.

While we may expect to see various plastics in the equipment of the North, undoubtedly, the most anticipated item will be the canoe and the boat. We now have recent developments of resin-bonded plywoods, full impregnation of woods, and also those virtually indestructible plastics, such as Tenite developed by the Eastman Kodak Company, and the methyl methacrylate resin by Dupont and C.I.L. known as Lucite.

The Plaskon Company Inc., in Toledo, Ohio, are at this time making pontoons from resin-bonded plywood. We have seen in years past an effort at building a plywood canoe. Some of these were used in northern waters with only a modicum of success. Development has changed this. The whole question at this time seems to be whether the vast improvement in resin-bonded plywoods will produce the canoe and the boat of the future, or whether full impregnation of woods with plastic resin will turn out the ideal craft. Full impregnation of woods is comparatively new. However, I can testify to its certainty, for I have on my desk at this time a sample of this process which was mailed to me from Formica, Cincinnati, Ohio. The sample I have is one-eighth of an inch thick, shows the original grain of the wood beautifully, is very resilient and extremely tough. I have subjected the sample to the most violent abuse and find it is what the maker suggests—"practically indestructible."

There are a number of these materials and other combinations made available for after the war. Any prediction I make at this time for the post-war canoe and boat, must, of course, be my own, based on developed available materials. But the materials and facts speak for themselves. Britain and Canada are now constructing one of the world's finest planes of a wood and resin combination. Made of a single unit, light, ribless, and requiring no paint, the plastic canoe should bounce off the rocks in the rapids with a mere inconsequential thud. Since plastics come in any colour desired, and in transparent materials as well, suggestions have been made that the novel post-war canoe will be one piece of transparent plastic, so that a person may sit and watch the underwater life through the bottom of the canoe. But the cost would be considerable.

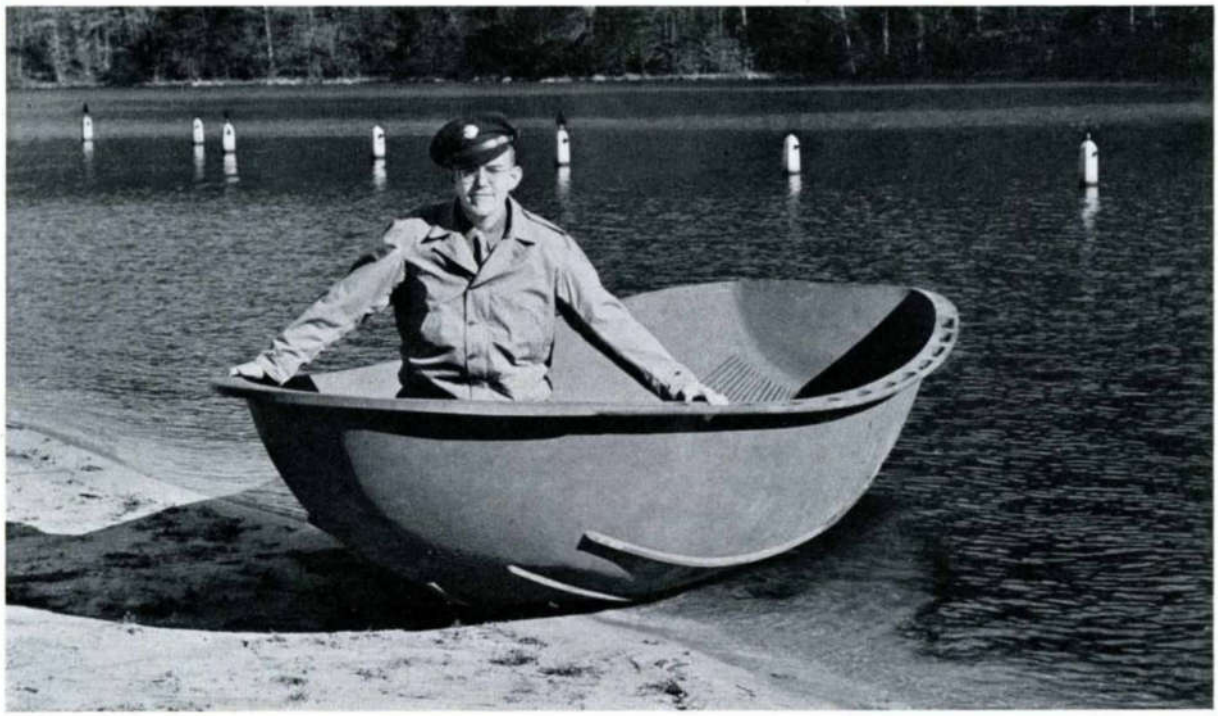
Magnesium has been suggested as a material from which the post-war canoe might be built. This material, lighter than aluminum, has been used to a considerable extent in the war program. The theory is that, if a canoe of this material is banged up on the rocks of the rapids, it is necessary only to bend out the bulge, as you do your pots and pans, and go on. But from what I have seen of the plastic resins, they should be far ahead of magnesium for canoes.

Held under the cover of expectancy are the many military secrets which will be translated into peacetime civilian utility, once the war is over. Much improvement in radio will greet the market. Just how far "walkie-talkie," the individual receiving and sending set of army patrol groups, will enter into the lives of remote dwellers of the North, it is hard to say. It seems that such equipment, which no doubt has extremely limited range, might have its use among fire rangers and some other groups who need two-way communication. That it will, as some have hinted, put a wireless telephone in every remote cabin of the northland, we may wait to believe.

The lid is still tight on the post-war outboard motor. The clues to what we might expect lie in gas combustion development since the war. From what I have been able to gather sporadically, high octane gas will be used in outboards of the future, with much greater mileage per gallon and with greater horsepower per pound of motor. This will be a boon to north country travel. Unofficially, I have been told that a new motor is to be available for canoes which is exceptionally light and will run an incredible time on a gallon of gasoline.

Possibly one of the most novel contrivances, and a reality at this time, with none for civilian use except war projects, is a saw which first was a development in connection with the outboard motor. You may imagine a gear where the propellor is located, over which a chain saw passes. The chain has saw teeth. Another

One-piece boat, moulded by the low-pressure lamination of many layers of fabric impregnated with Plaskon resin glue. It will stand plenty of rough treatment. Libby-Owens-Ford Glass Co.



The gentleman fishing in the studio on the left is trying out a rod of which the ferrule, pistol-grip handle, and bait are moulded of Tenite. Below are Tenite bait boxes with transparent tops.
Tennessee Eastman Corp.

model has a blade moving back and forth. While this saw is of great value in crosscutting, I think its greatest virtue comes in the fact that a lone person can rapidly rip boards from a log, making it possible to construct cabins in remote places which will be entirely of handmade lumber. I leave it to you what can be done with such an ingenious tool, once you are in the forest.

There seems to be an unhappy day ahead for insects. This should be news worthy of celebration for people of the North. I have seen strong men who suffered so from insects they could not restrain the tears of agony. The U.S. Department of Agriculture entomologists and chemists went to work following Pearl Harbour, for they knew that much fighting would be done in insect infested jungles. DDT will be another group of letters in life's alphabet soup that should have a distinct flavour. The letters signify chloro-diphenyl-trichloroethane, a powerful insecticide. It can be made inexpensively in large quantities. In the form of powder it can be dusted on the inside of clothing, inside underwear, in sleeves and trouser legs, protecting to some extent against ticks and chiggers. As a spray it will make interior walls toxic to flies as long as three months, with but one spraying.

Think of the grand reception this will make sprayed on a tent and on other duffle for the flies and mosquitoes that move in for the torture program. But the program does not stop here. A triple combination of substances now used by the armed forces, several times more effective than such items as citronella, etc., will be in civilian hands in the future, when our armed forces are taken care of.

The big discovery is probably the advent of freon as a vehicle for carrying the insecticides into the atmosphere. Formerly the sprays relied upon air to carry the tiny particles, and a well educated fly could almost fly between these particles. Now the insecticides, especially the new DDT, will reach the air in the gas, the particles being so fine that they will float for five hours in still air and find their way into cracks and crannys. The smallest amount of the spray, about five milligrams, will kill in one minute every mosquito in a medium sized room.

Paradichlorobenzine, in a more modest term, is known where moths are concerned. It gets a new vigour now, and will no doubt be used in the future in great quantities for furs, woollens, etc. Its new power comes in its use as an aerosol spray, that is, suspended in freon gas. The Bureau of Entomology maintains a great insect zoo, and it hints at some even greater developments to come. But to date, remember DDT and its vehicle freon. You have a pleasant surprise in store.

The reader will understand that I can begin to sketch in one short article only a small part of actual developments, to say nothing of potentialities which are ready at any moment to break through the soil of wartime research. But this brief outline may give some idea of what is in store for the man who travels and lives in the North when the war is over.

BEAVER CHIEF

BEFORE his death on July 10, few people outside the fur trade had ever heard of Jimmy Watt of Rupert's House. Yet within a few weeks of his passing, thousands in Canada and the United States had learned, through the newspapers, of his great work of conservation on James Bay.

J. S. C. Watt was a Scotsman from Oban who joined the Company as far back as 1906. He served at Mingan on the St. Lawrence for seven years—one of the old French posts, dating back to 1661. There he met Maud Molony, who became his wife. He then went to Weymontachingue, and in 1915 to Fort Chimo as sub-district manager of Labrador. Next year he and Mrs. Watt travelled overland to establish Fort McKenzie, and in 1918 they made their historic journey right across the Labrador Peninsula which was described in *The Beaver* for March and June 1943.

It was not until after he was moved to Rupert's House, however, that he really entered upon the work for which he will be remembered. Rupert's House, the Company's oldest post, was once the centre of a great beaver country. But by 1930 overtrapping had so depleted the stock of these valuable little animals that the Indians were in despair. In that year one of them came to Mr. Watt and announced that he had found two occupied beaver houses.

This was his chance. If the Indians of Rupert's House, then in the depths of the depression, and on relief, were to win back their ability to support themselves, and their self respect, those beaver must be preserved to mate and multiply. Jimmy took the first step in what was to prove an immense beaver conservation project covering many thousands of square miles. He bought those two beaver houses, with contents, from the Indian on whose ancestral trapping grounds they had been found.

His object was to protect them and let them increase naturally. It was a new idea for the 1930's. But it was not new for the 1830's. As far back as 1836, Chief Trader Robert Seaborn Miles had proposed to Simpson that the Company should establish a beaver sanctuary on Charlton Island in James Bay. "Parking" of beaver had often been suggested, as Simpson pointed out to the London Committee, but it had never been given a fair trial. Charlton Island was chosen because it was far enough off shore to protect the beaver from irresponsible Indian trappers.

Beaver were collected from some of the mainland districts in 1838 and shipped to Charlton in the spring of 1839. Four years later it was reported that thirteen pairs had been placed on the island, and that they had now multiplied to fifteen houses—or about seventy-five beaver. In 1845 the preserve held at least forty houses, and the next year the Indians found twenty more. By 1851 the beaver were reportedly so numerous that Simpson ordered 5,000 to be trapped. But all the Indians could get that winter was eight hundred. On an island of one hundred square miles, that wasn't bad. The preserve was still in operation by the Company early in this century.

Jimmy Watt didn't see why the experiment couldn't be repeated. He couldn't leave his post to see about a lease from the provincial government, but Mrs. Watt went to see L. A. Richard, Deputy Minister of Game and Fisheries for Quebec, and came back with a lease of 7,200 square miles between the Rupert's and Eastmain Rivers to be used as a beaver preserve. But the responsibility was a heavy one, and two years later, at the Watts' request, the Company took over the sanctuary.

The first five years were the hardest. But when the Indians saw how the beaver were increasing, they agreed to hold off for another five. In 1930 there were only about twenty-five beaver in the whole area. There are now about 13,000. Controlled trapping began in 1940, with a catch of 450. This was increased each year, until 1,800 were trapped in 1943. Now every Indian at Rupert's House has a credit balance with the Company—an unprecedented state of affairs.

The success of the Rupert's House preserve encouraged the establishment of similar sanctuaries. With the co-operation of the Northwest Territories Administration, Charlton Island was set aside as a preserve once more in 1934, and Agamiski Island in the following year. In 1938 the Indian Affairs Branch at Ottawa took up the idea and created beaver preserves on James Bay which now cover 39,000 square miles. In 1940 the Ontario Government set aside a sanctuary at Albany of 3,000 square miles, to be managed by the Company. And during the past year the H B C has extended its own preserves to include 17,000 square miles around Fort George and Kanaaupscow on the west side of the bay, and 15,000 around Attawapiskat on the east side. To-day therefore the Company sanctuaries alone spread over 43,000 square miles.

All this has sprung from the seed planted in the fertile mind of Jimmy Watt—or, as the Indians called him, *Amisk ogemow*, the Beaver Chief. Bishop Renison who has known the people of the bay for many years, wrote a fine tribute to his memory in the Toronto *Globe and Mail*. And, as he says, remembering the establishment of Charles Fort on the site of the present Rupert's House, "it is fitting that, at the very place where civilization first reached this lonely land, a man should have toiled and dreamed to restore what the locust of materialism had eaten. It was a noble life's work for any man."

With the aid of matches, Jimmy Watt explains to some Indians at Rupert's House how rapidly the beaver will multiply if they are not molested. Persuading them to refrain from trapping for ten years was no easy task. On his suggestion, a special booklet was issued by the Company to the Indians, showing the average rate of increase each year for one pair of beaver. Explanations were in Cree syllabic. Lorene Squire.

McLoughlin's Letters 1839-44

Edited by E. E. Rich. With an introduction by W. Kaye Lamb.

A Review of the sixth volume of the Hudson's Bay Record Society.

by Willard E. Ireland

THIS time the Hudson's Bay Record Society has again turned its attention to the Pacific Northwest with the publication of the second volume of what is to be a trilogy of McLoughlin's Fort Vancouver letters to the Governor and Committee in London. The pertinacity with which the Society, under the able editorship of E. E. Rich, has adhered to its scheme of publication despite the tremendous difficulties imposed by war conditions is but a further proof, if such be required, of that indomitable spirit characteristic of the British "home front." Commendation is all the more merited when it is remembered that the introduction by Dr. W. Kaye Lamb was written in Vancouver, British Columbia.

The publication of source material relating to the overland fur trade in the Pacific Northwest has been long overdue. To be able to satisfy the exacting demands of the historical scholar and, at the same time, to produce a volume which has a tremendous interest to the general reader is no mean accomplishment. Yet the series in progress is achieving just that. For these letters are more than mere fur trade reports. Rather they sum up the widespread activities of the courageous servants of a commercial company, faced with the unenviable task of bridging the awkward period between the age of discovery and the advent of national organization.

The first volume of letters covered the period from 1824 to 1838, the year of McLoughlin's departure from the Columbia on furlough. The years were hectic ones. Beset by competition on all sides—by the Russians from the north, by the "Boston pedlars" from the sea and by the St. Louis traders from the east—the task seemed almost hopeless. Undaunted by the odds, McLoughlin began the work of consolidating the position of the Hudson's Bay Company west of the Rocky Mountains. Although a stranger to the country, his abounding energy and skilful administration so revitalized the Columbia Department that in the end his company emerged victorious over all competitors. Thus it was as a highly respected servant of the Company that he visited London in 1838.

The present volume, therefore, picks up the narrative at his return to the Columbia in October 1839. In order to keep unbroken the series of reports, the editor very wisely has included in the appendix James Douglas' report on Columbia affairs of October 1839 written during McLoughlin's absence—which report, incidentally, could not but have enhanced the reputation of this younger servant with the London Committee. While the terminal date for the volume is dictated purely by considerations of space, nevertheless the five years under survey were significant, though tragic, in the career of McLoughlin. He returned to the Columbia with widened powers, for by resolution of the Governor and Committee he had been appointed "to the principal superintendence or management of the Columbia District" with an additional salary of £500 per annum. His responsibilities had likewise been increased; for a new subsidiary, the Puget's Sound Agricultural Company, had been organized and placed under his charge. This step had been necessary in order to ensure an adequate supply of the agricultural produce promised to the Russian American Company under the agreement whereby the Hudson's Bay Company had leased what is now commonly known as the Alaska "panhandle." Yet within five years this servant, in whom the Governor and Committee had placed so much confidence, diverged so completely from the policies of the Company as established by Sir George Simpson, that his retirement became almost a necessity for its well-being.

Even a most cursory reading of the documents now published reveals the progressive stages in the disintegration of the amicable understanding which had so long existed between Sir George Simpson and McLoughlin. It had its origin in a fundamental difference of opinion over policy, but in the end unfortunately descended to the realm of the personal.

McLoughlin's plan for the extension of the influence of the Hudson's Bay Company in the Pacific Northwest envisaged a chain of permanent establishments up and down the coast linked together by the periodic visits of a sailing vessel. The erection of Fort Langley, Fort Simpson and Fort McLoughlin partially fulfilled this plan, and with the acquisition of Fort Stikine and the building of Fort Taku as a result of the Russian American agreement it appeared as if this policy were being implemented. McLoughlin coupled with this a mistrust of the use of vessels on the coast which in the case of the *S.S. Beaver* became almost a mania. So vigorously did he expound his idea that the London Committee was forced to leave the ultimate decision to Sir George Simpson upon his arrival on the Columbia in 1841. The latter, viewing the operation of the Company more objectively, came to a totally different conclusion. In his eyes, the competitors having been driven from the field, further establishments were not only superfluous but even those already in existence could be safely abondoned and the trade effectively carried on by the *Beaver* operating from Fort Simpson as a northern base.

McLoughlin's chagrin can be easily imagined, the more so when it became apparent that Simpson, more fully aware of the international aspects of the Oregon situation, also envisaged the withdrawal of the

Hudson's Bay Company's headquarters from Fort Vancouver to a new post to be established at the southern end of Vancouver Island. The final decision was not reached while Simpson was on the Columbia but at a later reunion in February 1842, at Honolulu, where the controversy was enlarged by further disagreements, including the management of Californian and Sandwich Island affairs. Indeed the situation became so strained that Simpson reverted to an exchange of memoranda—all of which have been included in an appendix. McLoughlin felt himself to be at a disadvantage and wrote bitterly:

> "... it is perfectly out of the question to talk of discussion, when there are only two persons at the discussion, and one has the power to decide as he pleases and does."

Simpson triumphed, for McLoughlin's subsequent orders were specific: Fort Taku and Fort McLoughlin were to be abandoned, and the new depot on Vancouver Island was to be established. Though forced to capitulate, McLoughlin was unchanged in his opinion and in October, 1842, wrote:

> "... the advantage of the Establishments over the Steamer [*Beaver*] are so self evident, that I cannot see how a person possessed of the least knowledge of the business can maintain a different opinion."

So serious had the breach between the two men become—McLoughlin on his part ceased thereafter to correspond personally with Simpson—that it is doubtful whether it could ever have been healed. But events with a tragic inopportunity intervened to make all hope of reconciliation impossible. Before proceeding to Siberia en route to London, Simpson paid a hurried visit to Sitka and took the opportunity to revisit Fort Stikine then in charge of McLoughlin's son, John. There he discovered that the latter had been murdered a few days previously by one of his own men.

After an all too hasty examination of the evidence, Simpson came to the conclusion that the younger McLoughlin, as a result of drunken excesses and brutality, had driven his men to murder. He consequently sent the suspect to Sitka for investigation but reported to McLoughlin his opinion that it was "justifiable homicide." McLoughlin immediately sprang to the defence of his dead son, and thereafter assiduously collected evidence, all of which was forwarded to London with lengthy explanatory comments. In all fairness it must be added that McLoughlin was in the right. He established the fact that there was a conspiracy amongst the men against his son, that he was not a drunkard nor excessively cruel, and that his administration of the post had not been inefficient. The misfortune was that the younger McLoughlin had been left alone at this post by Simpson's withdrawal of Roderick Finlayson. The responsibility for the murder, in McLoughlin's eyes, rested entirely with Simpson and consequently he did not hesitate to claim that his son "came to an untimely end in consequence of Sir George's own most injudicious arrangements."

The Governor and Committee now found itself in an unenviable position. The two men upon whom they most depended for the successful conduct of Columbia affairs were not only opposed on questions of policy but their opposition was rapidly degenerating into a personal feud. For some time past McLoughlin's constant reiteration of his views on the relative merits of the steamer and of the abandonment of the northern posts had irked the Committee. The "lamentable occurence at Stikene" afforded them the opportunity to rebuke him.

The plain truth of the matter was that Sir George Simpson had made a mistake but had assumed a position from which he could not withdraw. His services were indispensable to the Company; McLoughlin's were not, and, in consequence, Simpson had of necessity to prevail. But confidence in McLoughlin had been shattered and the final break with the Company was not far off.

This volume, however, deals with much more than the quarrel between McLoughlin and Simpson, although Dr. Lamb has wisely decided to emphasize these points in his able introduction. A careful reading of these letters cannot but leave a feeling of amazement at the magnitude of the operations of the Hudson's Bay Company. Fort Vancouver had become the capital of an expansive commercial empire stretching from California with its supplies of hides and tallow to Russian America with its market for agricultural produce; reaching far out into the Pacific to the Sandwich Islands with their potential market for salmon and lumber; and even daring to look to Asia and the agricultural requirements of Kamschatka. Of particular interest to the economic historian are the comments of James Douglas and Alexander Simpson on conditions in California and the series of documents dealing with the operation of the Russian American agreement. Admittedly new demands had called into being new methods, as for example the organization of the Puget Sound Agricultural Company about which all too little information is provided. But through it all the Hudson's Bay Company remained, as originally organized, primarily interested in the fur trade.

It is for that reason that one can search in vain for any extensive reference to the impending boundary settlement. Undoubtedly the attempt to colonize the Cowlitz Valley with immigrants from Red River Settlement was designed to bolster British claims to the Columbia River as a boundary; but the failure of that scheme and the increasingly large number of American overland settlers in the Willamette Valley gave rise to no great alarm, for a farming community would be of assistance in meeting agricultural commitments under the Russian American contract. The decision to establish the depot on Vancouver Island was in itself at least a tacit admission that the Columbia River area might be lost. It is interesting also to note that upon those occasions when McLoughlin undertook to reply to the many inflammatory speeches in the American Congress of which he became aware, invariably his first concern was a refutation of the calumnies against the Company's treatment of American settlers, and only rarely does he consider British counter claims to the territory.

Following the pattern of the first volume, there is in addition to the McLoughlin letters, a wide selection of complementary correspondence. Once again Dr. Lamb has made a noteworthy contribution in his introduction. One need only read the excellent biographical sketch of John McLoughlin, Jr., contained in this introduction, to discover the painstaking manner in which sources have been examined. Without a doubt the long-awaited "Life of McLoughlin" is emerging in these introductions.

A further series of the biographical sketches, which have already added so materially to the value of the publications as a whole, is to be found in the appendix.

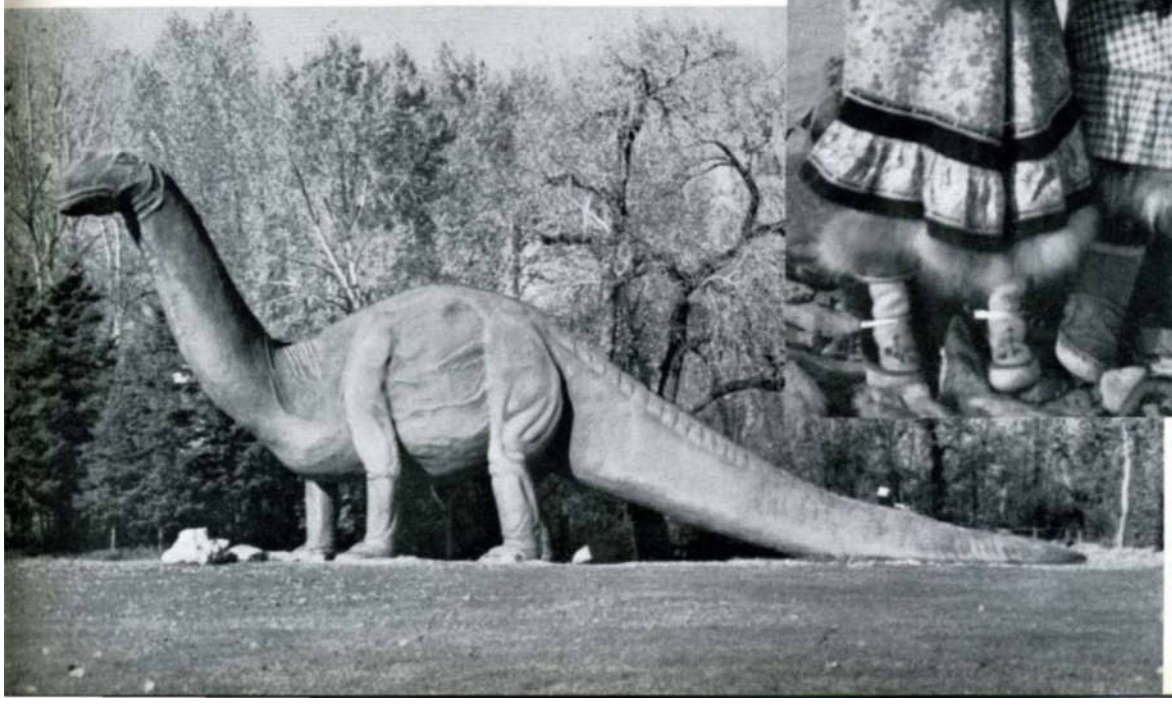
Above: Presentation of the blood donor truck given by the people of Aklavik, which was referred to in the last *Beaver*. Col. W. F. Hancock, R.C.M.P. (centre) and J. Bartleman, H B C (left) made the presentation on behalf of the Aklavikans. E. E. Roper, M.L.A. (second from left), president of the Edmonton Red Cross, received the gift.

Left: Jim Simpkins, *Beaver* cartoonist, is now with the National Film Board in Ottawa, doing film strip work for the Army. He is shown at Carlisle Barracks in Pennsylvania, where he took a short course. *Sgt. L. Farber.*

Below: Eskimo girls at Coppermine. *L. A. Learmonth.*

Here and There

Below: Keep calm, now. It's only Calgary's tame *Brontosaurus concretius*, to be seen any day in the Natural History Park. He weighs 120 tons.
Dan Patton.



THE LITTLE EMPEROR

A Review of Arthur S. Morton's new biography

Sir George Simpson

Overseas Governor of the Hudson's Bay Company

A pen picture of a man of action*

by A. R. M. Lower

DURING the years since his death, in 1860, Sir George Simpson has become almost a legendary figure. People have come to think of him as the man who stepped into a birch canoe at Lachine and in no time at all had travelled out to the Pacific coast and back again, or had gone on to Russian America and thence back to England and Canada by Siberia. His comings and goings, so the tales went, were clothed in almost royal state, with pipers to announce his arrivals, and salutes to welcome him. He seems to have been remembered for these picturesque attributes rather than for what meant much more to him—forty years' successful administration of the fur trade of half a continent in the service of a company which commanded all his loyalty.

It is not one of the least of Professor Morton's many services to the history of western Canada that in this present biography he has uncovered the real man and presented him as a human being, with his virtues and his faults, his successes and his failures all plainly visible. Professor Morton has extenuated nothing nor set down aught in malice. The result is a convincing and a readable biography.

Simpson has usually been "painted rather larger than life," the author tells us. It is a common fault in Canadian biography, which heretofore has been of what might be called the "tombstone school." *De mortuis nil nisi bonum* has been too powerful a motto for our biographers, and only in relatively few instances have they been able to get away from it. It is satisfactory to be able to report that this book is not merely another tombstone inscription but an honest attempt to describe the man from all points of view.

While Simpson emerges as essentially human, he does not retain his heroic proportions. Some qualities which tended in the direction of greatness he did have —his tireless energy, his insight into men's natures, his instinct for order, his ability to deal with men, his essential kindness and his large views; these combined to make a man greater than most. Yet he seems to have ended as he began, a servant of the Company and dominated mainly by the desire to build and maintain a successful commercial organization. For genuine greatness this is not enough: a great man must reach out into creative statesmanship, or be great of spirit and of mind. While Simpson displayed common sense in his relations with political situations (such as the government of the Red River colony and the Oregon question), he did not show creative imagination. One gets the impression of a precise, efficient man, greatly concerned with the task in hand, one whose reach would never exceed his grasp, a man who, like so many of his breed, served with exemplary devotion a goddess who rarely obtains the worship of great souls, the goddess Trade.

Professor Morton, in addition to painting a portrait, has given a lively picture of life in the fur country a century ago. The rough traders and their daily lives, their relations with the Indian women, their "bits of brown," all are there. That old phrase, "a flying shot from the H B C," takes on added meaning as a result. The conflicts between Nor' Westers and Hudson's Bay men come back to life by way of description and document. The half dozen pages devoted to Simpson's own successful combat with the North Westers at Fort Wedderburn (at the outlet of Lake Athabaska) constitute a good example, as well as bringing out the man's courage and determination. Not only that, but a good deal of new light is thrown on one of the great events of Canadian history—the union of the two companies in 1821. For this alone, the author would deserve our gratitude.

After the period of the epic journeys, the book tails off: it is rather difficult keeping up interest in a story of successful commercial administration. Nor do the last two decades enlarge Simpson's reputation: his acquiescence in such proceedings as the attempt in Red River to censor letters and his evidence at the Parliamentary Inquiry of 1857 do not create an impression of large, statesmanlike qualities.

The author has not allowed himself to stray far from his subject: perhaps he might with advantage have permitted himself a little more elbow room. Thus some explanation of the terms of the deed-poll executed on the union of the two companies would have given the reader an idea of the internal constitution of the Company which he does not otherwise obtain. Similarly, the exploration of the Arctic coast under Simpson's governorship would have been worth some pages. Their equivalent might easily have been saved from the opening chapter, which has a good deal of unnecessary (and uncertain) detail about Simpson's forbears, and by eliminating repetition here and there.

I have noticed only one error of any consequence. On page 234 the author alleges that the banks of the Rainy River are in much the same condition today as they were when Simpson wrote about them. That is not the case: upon them, in addition to good farming country, there are several of the "flourishing towns" that Simpson's book looked forward to.

Professor Morton is to be commended for this fair and urbane work. One sometimes wonders whether the zealots of what might be called "post-hunting" do not occasionally overdo it in their anxiety to find every last scrap of material; but a book like this shows how good scholarship and a wide view rise out of the intimate knowledge of a thousand ordinary things.

*Published by J. M. Dent & Sons

FALL PACKET

Klieforth Prize

The contest for the Klieforth Canadian-American History prize of $2,000 is meeting with a good reception. Professor A. L. Burt, chairman of the panel of judges, reports that a number of leading historians in both the United States and Canada have signified their intention of submitting manuscripts, and that several prominent educationists in both countries intend to have the book that wins the prize used in their schools.

The competition was announced last winter, offering a prize of $1,000 for the best manuscript for a book to be entitled NORTH AMERICAN HISTORY—*A Common History of the United States and Canada*, suitable for use by Grade XI students in both Republic and Dominion. Later the prize was doubled, the money, together with funds for the committee's expenses, being raised half in Winnipeg and half in St. Paul and Minneapolis. Dr. Sidney Smith, then president of the University of Manitoba, was the first chairman.

The sponsor of this excellent idea is A. W. Klieforth, American Consul-General in Winnipeg, after whom the prize is named. Manuscripts must not be over 175,000 words, and must be submitted before July 1st, 1946. Further information can be obtained by writing to Professor Burt at the University of Minnesota, Minneapolis.

Cataracts

For those who are interested in the hydro-electric power possibilities of the great waterfalls pictured on pages 30-33, the following estimates have been supplied by the Dominion Water and Power Bureau at Ottawa:

Virginia Falls: No flow records of the South Nahanni have been secured, but with the 316 feet of fall reported by Mr. Hunter a provisional estimate would place the power possibilities at 5,000 horsepower under ordinary minimum flow conditions, or 13,000 horsepower at the flow ordinarily available for six months of the year.

Hay River Falls: Engineers of the above bureau made a power survey of Alexandra and Louise Falls in 1921. But flow records secured from July 1929 to April 1931 indicated that during the winter the flow receded to a very small amount, and materially reduced the previous estimates. The combined capacity of the two falls indicates power possibilities of 7,000 horsepower under ordinary minimum flow conditions, and 31,500 horsepower under ordinary six-months flow conditions.

Big Falls: Estimates of potential power on the Kaniapiskau River are only provisional, as the flow has never been measured. But they indicate a possibility of 40,000 to 80,000 horsepower at Big Falls.

Grand Falls: Here again flow records are lacking. But from information secured, it is believed that a head of 800 feet might be built up, and perhaps 400,000 to 1,000,000 horsepower developed.

For Females Only

Homemaking in the North is no cinch. Ask the wife of any Company post manager, and, especially if she's used to city life, she'll tell you that all sorts of domestic difficulties have to be dealt with which would never occur in the land of electric stoves and corner groceries.

Each northern housewife has her own ways of meeting these problems, and some of them are pretty ingenious. (We have no idea how many of them are suggested by the men. . . .) But the fur trade posts are isolated, and there's not much visiting going on, except by radio. So the Fur Trade Department has started a Homemakers' Competition, in which prizes amounting to a thousand dollars are being offered for the best ideas and suggestions. Three hundred dollars goes to the winner, $200 to the runner up, and $100 to the third-prize idea-girl. And in addition there are sixteen prizes of $25 each.

Company housewives are asked for suggestions on such subjects as dwelling layout, furnishings, kitchens, equipment, heating, lighting, plumbing, decorating, house cleaning, laundering, ironing, cooking, storage, hobbies, and anything else that will make post homes more comfortable and life more pleasant. The best ideas will be made known to all post families, and after that nobody will be able to say (if they ever did) that the fur trader's lot is not a happy one.

To date, over a hundred suggestions have been received at Hudson's Bay House, a fifth of them from one resourceful homemaker of the North. All of which goes to show what can be done if the girls really put their minds to it. . . . The contest ends in October.

Contributors

MARIUS BARBEAU is the most regular of all contributors to *The Beaver*. He is an anthropologist at the National Museum in Ottawa, and a prolific writer on a multitude of subjects, in both French and English. . . . W. BLEASDELL CAMERON is an old-timer of the West, with a clear memory and a facile pen. He is at present engaged on historical work for the R.C.M.P. . . . MRS. ANNIE IRONSIDE COWAN is the daughter of Wemyss Simpson who was in charge of various H B C posts before being appointed Government commissioner to make treaties with the Indians in 1871. She was born in 1859 at the post of Sault Ste. Marie, and now lives in Victoria. . . . SIR CECIL DENNY, Bart., joined the N.W.M.P. in 1874, and served with distinction in that famous force for many years. He died in 1928. . . . R. M. HOWELL, a Newfoundlander by birth, was post manager at Blanc Sablon from 1935-1940. He is now with the Fur Trade Depot in Hudson's Bay House. . . . FENLEY HUNTER, F.R.G.S., is an American manufacturer who likes nothing better than travelling in the North. His exploration of the South Nahanni was made during a journey from Peace River to Fort Yukon via the Mackenzie. On several later trips he has collected valuable fossil material for the National Museum in Ottawa. . . . WILLARD IRELAND is archivist of the Province of British Columbia. He is now with the R.C.A.F., stationed in Vancouver. . . . MISS ALICE JOHNSON is on the staff of the Company archives in London. . . . CALVIN RUTSTRUM, of Marine-on-St. Croix, Minn., has done a great deal of travelling, both on foot and by canoe, in Manitoba and northwestern Ontario, and the borderline country to the south of it. Before the last war he was a cattle puncher for two years. He has also hunted big game for several seasons. . . . MRS. EDWARD STAFFORD, daughter of the late Rear-Admiral Peary, is a lecturer, and the author of several northern books for children.

Arctic Tragedy

Once again, Hudson's Bay men have been called upon to fight epidemics among the natives of the North. Several cases of septic throat were reported this spring at Padley, about 150 miles inland from the west coast of Hudson Bay, and Post Manager Henry Voisey did yeoman service tending the sick within a radius of four miles of his post. By radio he sent out his reports and received advice from the nearest doctor, and thus the number of deaths was kept down to seven.

Angus Gavin, of Eskimo Point, on the coast about 130 miles southeast of Padley, had a more serious outbreak on his hands. There the epidemic started in June and, before it had run its course, claimed the lives of thirty Eskimos. Isolation was enforced by the R.C.M.P., and sulfa drugs were administered. At the beginning of July a U.S. Army doctor, Lieut. Oliver Austin, flew up from Churchill to Eskimo Point and ministered to the bewildered natives. But on a second attempt to reach there the plane crashed, the pilot, Second Lieut. Robert Hyde, was killed, and the doctor disappeared completely. No traces of him have as yet been found.

R. A. Talbot

After serving the Company for over thirty years, R. A. Talbot, manager of the Saskatchewan District, retired at the end of May. His health had not been of the best since 1940, when he had a serious illness, and at the end of June he died rather suddenly, aged fifty-four.

Mr. Talbot was a valued contributor on several occasions to the columns of this magazine. His photographs have appeared in our pages for many years, and he was also a member of that unofficial "advisory board" of fur trade men upon whom the editor relies for information on the North. His most notable contribution in this line was the article on winter travel in the March 1941 issue.

Born in England, Mr. Talbot joined the Company in 1913. He was appointed manager of the Athabaska District in 1929, of the Keewatin District in 1930, and of the Saskatchewan District in 1933. Like all D.M.s, he did a great deal of travelling in the North, in the early days by canoe and carriole, more recently by plane.

London News

The London letter for this quarter arrived just before deadline time, looking very much the worse for wear. Most of the really interesting news (or so we imagine it to have been) had long ago been deposited in the wastebasket of the censor; but judging from the context, it was concerned with the ravages of flying bombs. This information, however, did get through:

"The H B C has not escaped scot free. Almost everybody has his flying bomb story, for they have fallen everywhere. Many have lost their homes. Like everybody else, the staff carries on quietly with its work until the Company's internal alarm, 'Imminent Danger,' is sounded, when all take 'cover' in their offices, often under desks, from blast." After which we are told that "during a board meeting in July, proceedings were interrupted blank blank but long blank the meeting proceeded quietly. Flying bombs are now routine!"

There is also a bit about the Bank of England celebrating the 250th anniversary of its incorporation. The association of the "Old Lady of Threadneedle Street" with the Company of Adventurers began as long ago as 1720. Sir John Clapham, who wrote the introduction to the *Minutes of the Hudson's Bay Company, 1671-4*, has written a history of the bank, in which the Company is referred to as a "traditional borrower," and as an old commercial client in company with the long-defunct East India and South Sea Companies. The bank records show that "beyond these commercial-imperial customers the bank did not go," and that the H B C loans "were intermittent but very numerous."

The association of the two concerns is still continued. To-day, two members of the Company's London Board—Governor Sir Patrick Ashley Cooper and Sir Edward Peacock—are directors of the bank. Lord Kindersley, governor of the Company from 1916 to 1925, is also a director; and in recent years Mr. Cecil Lubbock and Mr. E. J. Bunbury have been members of both boards.

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Record . . .

Extracts from the Governor's statement accompanying the annual report of the Hudson's Bay Company, 12th July, 1944:

The Company's Accounts again disclose a record trading profit, the bulk of which is absorbed by taxation.

Receipts of the Land Department, both on account of Revenue and Capital, are the best since 1929. They reflect the fact that farmers in Western Canada are doing well. During the last two years substantial amounts have been collected on account of arrears of principal and interest.

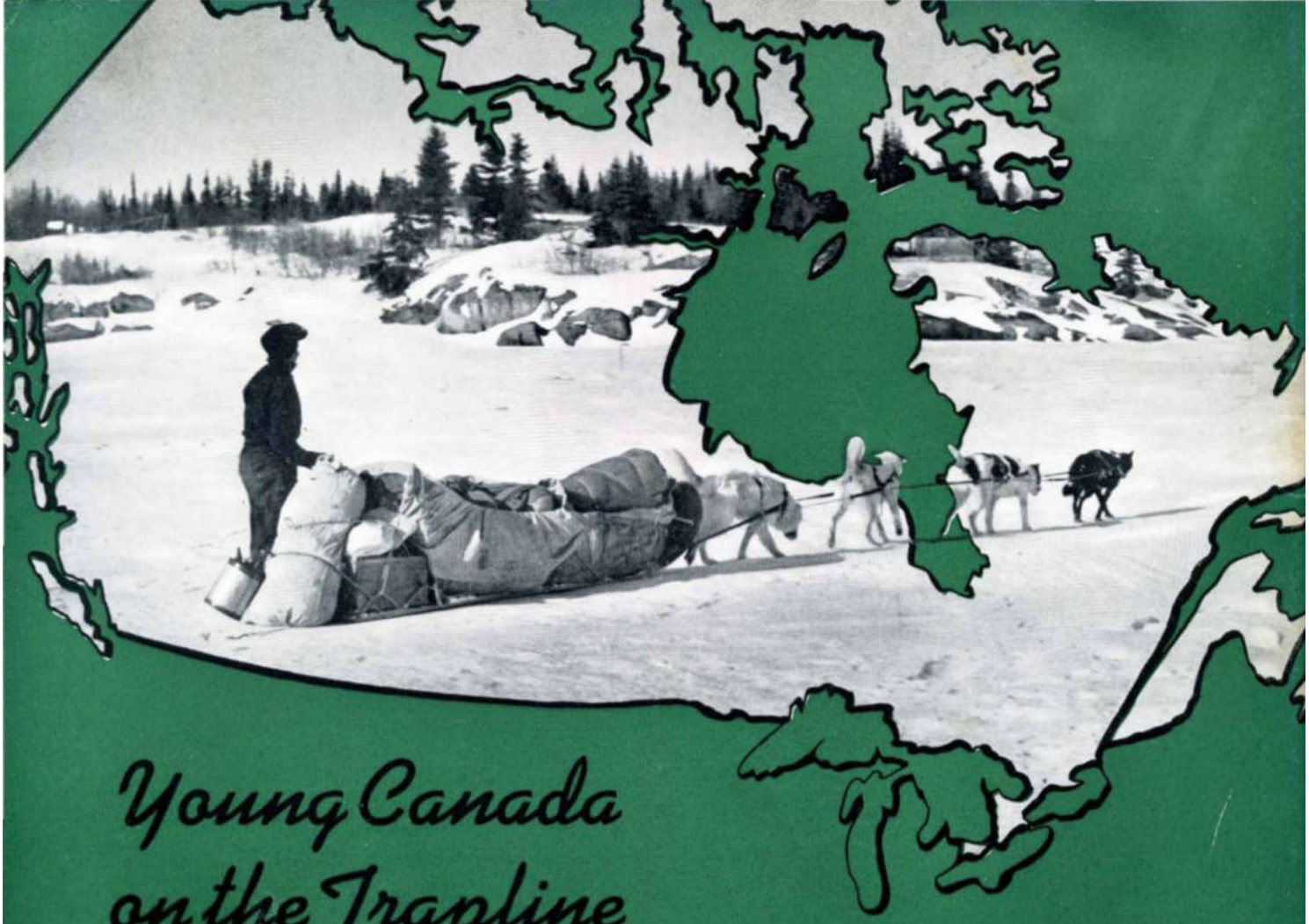
Record sales and profits were achieved by the Retail Stores, but to do this the management had to overcome many difficulties, including those arising from a depleted staff.

In the North Land, in spite of diminished personnel, we continue to do everything possible to look after our Fur Trade and also to co-operate with the Authorities in various activities necessary both for the war effort and for the general welfare of those areas.

Fur business in the United Kingdom is still restricted to small proportions. In New York, Lampson, Fraser & Huth, Incorporated, are selling substantial quantities of furs both for the Hudson's Bay Company and for many other customers. In Montreal our Fur Sales Department disposed of steadily increasing quantities.

I am sure that proprietors will join the Board in conveying to the many members of the staff who are absent in various branches of national service all good wishes for success and a safe return. They number 990, of whom twenty have obtained awards for distinguished service. I regret to state that casualties number forty-two, and we wish to express our deep sympathy with the relatives and friends.

The Governor and Company of Adventurers of England trading into Hudson's Bay



Young Canada on the Trapline

Canada has been richly blessed with a large number and a wide variety of fur bearing animals. This natural wealth belongs to every person in the Dominion —young or old—who chooses to trap.

Every year hundreds of children in rural communities throughout Canada do a certain amount of trapping—some of them on their way to and from school.

With the money they receive for their furs they have been helping out at home, keeping themselves in clothes, buying Victory Bonds, saving for University and so on.

The Raw Fur Department of Hudson's Bay Company has had the privilege of doing business with many of these enterprising youngsters and on many occasions we have had the pleasure of advising them on their trapping problems.

To any Young Canadian who is interested in trapping we are glad to offer our advice and guidance. Simply write to the nearest office of

RAW FUR DEPARTMENT

Hudson's Bay Company.

INCORPORATED 2ND MAY 1670

Offices located in the following centres:

WINNIPEG	REGINA	MONTREAL
EDMONTON	VANCOUVER	PRINCE ALBERT
GRANDE PRAIRIE		PEACE RIVER